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Songs and Poems

IN

Danish and English.

JOHN VOLK.

VOLK

John Volk

Sange og Digte

PAA

Dansk og Engelsk

(OFIG NALE OG OVERSAETTE)

AF

JOHN MOLK.

NEW YORK.
"NORDLYSETS" FORLAG.
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1923.

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SANGE OG DIGTE.

Dannebrog.

Første danske Fane-Indvielse i New York 1864.

Danske Mænd og Kvinder,
fjernt fra Danmarks Rige,
for at vie dette Flag,
hvidt og rødt,
til at straale i vort Lag,
er vi mødt.

Danske Mænd og Kvinder,
I en Skat af Minder,
dyrebare Minder, ejer,
over disse vajer
Dannebrog.

Ikke sandt, Børnlille,
derfor Taarer trille,
derfor Kinden gløder,
nu Jert Øje møder
Dannebrog?

Danske Mænd og Kvinder,
fjernt fra Danmarks Rige,
denne Fane vil vi bære
Danmark og os selv til Ære.

Keep Wide Awake!

LEIF ERICSSON var saa kjæk en Mand,
hans Vilje lod sig ej bøje.
Han vilde nu finde en ukjendt Strand,
og vant til Havet at pløje,
fra Hjemmet strøg han i rygende Blæst —
han syntes at vide hel nøje,
at Land der fandtes i Vest.

Han sejled' i Uger, han sejled' i tre,
i flere, det kunde vel hænde,
da fik Hr. Leif og hans Svende
det mægtige Land at se,
hvor vi, bortrejste fra Fædrenes Jord,
nu bygger og bor.

Og hvor i Landet de kom, de saa
at Druen voxed' saa stor og blaa,
at Søer og Floder myldred' med Fisk,
mens Majsen knejste herlig og frisk
og strakte mod Solen sin Kvast af Guld
af Næring fuld.
Og Leif sig undred' og sagde: "Jeg tror,
paa dette Vinlands velsignede Jord
har ingen Fremmed før os sat Fod!
Se her kan avles i Overflod!

I Hob vi stævne herhid og bygge
og samle os Velstand, Lykke og Hygge;
thi paa min Ære
mig tykkes, Børn, her er godt at være."

Og Svendene mente Leif havde Ret;
men Ønskernes Maal naaes ikke saa let.
Hvad Leif just stod og grundede paa
et andet Folk skulde naa.
Hans Fremsyn var klart, hans Vilje stærk,
men lidet det baaded';
han saa ej Frugter krone sit Værk,
thi liden var Magten, han raaded'.
Og Leif erkjendte:
Alt Stort paa Tidens Fylde maa vente!
Dog senere Slægter
den Sandhed forfægter:
At Leif var den,
der først fandt herhen!
At han havde Klarsynet først,
og fulgte den Videbegjærligheds Tørst,
der her i Livet,
til Manges Gavn, en Enkelt er givet.

Og naar man den Sag for en Yankee berør,
saa lun og tør
en Stund han tier,
indtil paa sin egen Manér han si'er:
"The Scandinavians were wide awake,
there's no mistake!"
Og derpaa vi os den Frihed ta'er.

at give til Svar:
"Yes, right you are!
And for the past's and future's sake,
we'll keep awake!
yes, wide awake!"

Og Aar svandt hen,
før hvide Mænd
igjen betraadte de store, øde
Skove og Sletter,
der fulde af Grøde
havde ligget i Blund
i talløse Dage og Nætter
og ventet Forløsningens Stund.

Da kommen var Tidens Fylde,
Kolumbus med den,
Manden vi skylde,
at Landet blev fundet igjen.
Og Skarer begyndte at strømme,
fulgt af de vildeste Drømme,
til Skibene, som laa rede
at spænde de brede Sejl.
Og bort til Verdens Vidunderland
drog Kvinde og Mand,
der, kjede og lede
af Hjemmets Dyder og Fejl,
ønsked' sig bort fra det gamle Bur,
ud i en stor og ukjendt Natur,
for der at skabe, muligvis,
et Paradis.
Og længe vared' det ej,

saa baned' den nye Skare sig Vej.
og Økse og Hakke de svang,
og Skove og Klipper sprang,
mens højt mod Himlen lød:
I Dit Ansigts Sved skal Du æde Dit Brød!
men det, Du tjener, lidt eller meget,
er helt og holdent Dit eget!
Og fremad det gik med Kæmpeskridt,
uden Hvile og Rast blev der stridt;
og denne vældige Virken og Færden
greb saa den gamle Verden.
Fremad tilsammen Begge nu vilde:
At kjøre med Hest,
at sejle med Blæst,
den Ting blev snart Begge for lille.
Og inden længe i alle Lande
Damppiben lød!
Og strax derefter paa dybe Vande,
hvor før kun en vildsom Fugl
Tausheden brød,
der svang sig de store Hjul
og Damppiben lød!

Og videre gik deres Id
med Haand og med Hjerneflid,
thi altid fattedes Noget.
For tvende Lande at tale sammen
med Blæk og Pen
det var for ilsomme Mænd
en Standsen og Stammen,
der tidt gjorde Arbejdet broget.

Og Alle længtes de efter
at løse det hæmmende Baand
med Kløgtens tryllende Vaand.
Da kom der Bud fra Danmarks Land,
at ØRSTED, Gransker og Videnskabsmand,
en Kraft havde funden,
med hvilken de kjendte Kræfter
sig ej kunde maale;
som, naar den blev bunden
med sindrig Aand,
af Menneskehaand,
kunde sende et Ord
fra Syd og til Nord
med Fart som en Lynildsstraale.
Og Kundskab ilsom blev hentet
om denne kostbare Gave;
og kort derefter stod Instrumentet,
der gjorde Kraften til Slave,
hel fix og færdig, —
en Yankee værdig!

Og naar man den Sag her i Landet berør,
da sidder den Yankee saa lun og tør,
indtil han ta'er Ordet
og slaar i Bordet
og giver til Svar:
"*Yes, right you are!*
You Scandinavians are wide awake,
there's no mistake!
And for the past's and future's sake,
keep wide awake!"

Saa svandt en blomstrende Tid,
men saa kom der Strid.
Og hvorfor kom Striden?
Hvor underlig dog at fortælle,
at her i de frihedsberømte Stater,
hvor Konge og Stand
staar i Ban,
for ikke saa længe siden
sig brysted' de rige Magnater,
betjente af tusinde Trælle,
der slæbte og sled
og sig ynkelig vred
under Herskerens Svøbe, —
den Herre, som Loven tillod at kjøbe
en Mand, hans Sjæl og hele hans Slægt
efter Maal og Vægt.

Da hørtes et varslende Ord,
en Stemme fra Nord:
"Giv Slaverne fri!
Umenneskelighedens Tid er forbi!
Forvold os ej længer den Tort!
Al Trældom skal bort!"
Da svared' en Stemme fra Syd:
"Med Sværd og med Spyd
vi værne, hvad der er vort!
Her er Svaret, fyndigt og kort!"

At Nordens Sag
havde Sejren fortjent,
er klart som den lyseste Dag;

men om den var vunden,
om Kampen saadan var endt,
hvis ikke Norden en Fæstning tilvands
havde haft, saavelsom tillands,
se, det er et Spørgsmaal i Grunden !
Dog dette vi véd
og glemmer aldrig i Evighed :
JOHN ERICSSONS tordnende Dokument
var med i Spillet !
Hans, hans var Snillet,
der vandt dem Sejren tilvands !

Og naar man den Sag for en Yankee berør,
da sidder han stille saa lun og tør,
indtil han ta'er Ordet
og slaar i Bordet
og giver til Svar :
"Yes, right you are !
You Scandinavians are wide awake,
there's no mistake !
And for the past's and future's sake,
keep wide awake !"

Dagen er endt.

(*Longfellow.*)

Dagen er endt og Mørket
fra Nattens Vinger bær,
som fra en Ørn i Flugten
en nedadsvævende Fjær.

Igjennem Taagen blinker
Landsbylysenes Skin —
Et Tungsind, jeg ej kan modstaa,
i min Sjæl sig sniger ind;

en Længsel, et sælsomt Tungsind,
der ej bærer Smertens Tegn,
med Sorg saa nær i Slægtskab
som Taage er med Regn.

Kom sæt dig, læs nogle Digte,
et hjerteligt Kvad, et smukt,
der jager mig Sjælens Uro
og Dagens Tanke paa Flugt.

Tag ej de gamle Mestre,
ej nogen storslaaet Skjald,
hvis fjerne Trin gjenlyder
igjennem Tidernes Hal;

thi deres mægtige Tanker,
rullende op for Livets Dyst,
kalde som Krigssignaler,
og nu jeg trænger til Trøst.

Nej, vælg en blidere Digter,
hvis Sange fra Hjertet sprang
saa let som Taarer fra Øjet,
som Duggen falder paa Vang,

som selv i søvnløse Nætter
og under Dagens Besvær
har hørt som Musik de Drømme,
han inderst i Sjælen bær.

De Sange mægter at stille
det Tungsind, der kommer i Løn,
de sænke sig blidt som Naaden,
der følger efter en Bøn.

Vælg af de Samlede Digte
et efter din egen Lyst,
og laan til Digterens Rhytmer
den Velklang, der er i din Røst.

Og Natten skal fyldes med Toner,
den Kval, som Dagen bær med,
skal lig Araberen folde
sit Telt og drage afsted.

Nykommerne.

(*Edwin Markham.*)

To Svaler — de pudser de glinsende Fjær;
de sladre — saa ud i det straalende Vejr!
O Frihed! O Gammen!
To Elskende sammen
i Luften, hvor ingen Grænser er nær.
Dér intet i Vejen sig stiller;
ej Higen, ej Rigdom dem skiller —
blaa Himmel foroven! Løvspring forneden!
Og midt i det store, det aabne Eden
paa Klippens Granit — tilvejrs hænger Reden!

Den gamle Jord.

(*Edwin Markham.*)

Sæt, vi i Himlen skulde finde
vort Jordliv slettet af vort Minde,
forglemt hvert Aasyn, glemt hvert Ord,
vi hørte paa den gamle Jord? —
Men sæt, vi mindedes det Kjære,
det Elskte fra den tabte Sfære —
mon det ej blev for os en stor,
en evig Længsel, tung at bære!

Juleaften.

HOS SYPIGEN.

Tidlig og sent er hun fængslet til Stolen,
tankefuld syer hun hvert Stik.
Naar hun er færdig med Kjolen,
Lønnen er kun en Slik.
Kvik, Kvik!
Husk den Lod, som i Arv Du fik:
arbejde tidlig og silde,
Tiden ej spilde;
de Mange for Livets Ophold maa stride.
Tankerne gaa saa vide:

I rige, I mægtige Fruer,
de kostbare Ædelstene I fik
til Gave, de tykkes mig luer
tidt som en Dæmons Blik.

"Du smukke Pige, din Kind er rød,
men den bleges ved al den Sliden." —
"Skal jeg tjene mit daglige Brød,
tør jeg ej spilde Tiden."
Kvik, Kvik!
Husk den Lod, som i Arv Du fik:
Arbejde tidlig og silde,
Tiden ej spilde;
de Mange for Livets Ophold maa stride.
Tankerne gaa saa vide:

Igjen en Stjerne bliver nok tændt
for mig og for mine Lige,

og tusinde tænkende Sjæle sendt,
for at gjøre de Fattige rige.

Naar i Tiden vi engang det driver saa vidt,
som han sagde den Digter i Norden:
"At Faa har for Meget og Færre for Lidt,"
saa bliver der Fred over Jorden.

HOS ET UNGT ÆGTEPAR.

Han.

Altid har jeg haft en
prægtig Juleaften
fra den Dag, jeg vovede
byde dig min Haand.
Juleaften var det, jo,
fire Aar tilbage, at vi To
blev forlovede.

Som en klog og kjærlig Aand
kom Du Søde
mig i Alt imøde,
skjøndt jeg ikke trode
just paa Alt det Fromme, Gode,
som den Juleaften spøgte i dit Ho'de.
Dog i Alt dit Drømmeri,
hvori snildt Du kasted' Garnet
for at fange mig for Troen,
som Du mente bygger Broen
Led for Led
til Evighed,
Et vi To var enig i:

Det var "Barnet",
som til hver en Julefest
er en højst nødvendig Gjæst.

Hun.

Siden jeg har vandret
ved din Side,
har min Tro sig nok forandret,
men Du skal dog vide,
skjøndt jeg ikke længer tror,
Englene i Skyen bor,
og at der de leger Skjul
i den glade Jul —
hvergang Juleklokken ringer,
op der dukker mange
halvforglemte Ord og Sange,
lyse Tanker, som med Klang af Klokker
til det gamle Drømmeland mig lokker;
stille Glæde de mig bringer
og i Stuen daler ned
som paa Englevinger
over Dagens travle Færden,
mens mit Hjerte ønsker Fred
over hele Verden.
Ja, jeg ved, naar Julen banker
paa vor Dør, er dine Tanker
ogsaa mer' end vanlig milde,
tror endog, at naar det lider
hen mod Juletider,
faar min kloge Herre tidt,
hemmeligt og stille,

af sin Barnetro Visit —
særlig nu, vi har den Lille.

Han.

Som en dejlig Stjerne
Juletanken her og i det Fjerne
lyser, samler Millioner
Barnesjæle til en Fest,
hvor kun Hjertets Fred er Gjæst,
hvor kun Øjets Glæde taler,
hvor kun milde Ord befaler,
løser og forsoner.
Herlig er den Juletanke,
opad den sig Hjertets Gaver ranke,
funklende med Tak og Glædestaarer,
Diamanter, som ej Øjet saarer,
hvor den kommer, finder frem,
hvor den lyser, er hvert Hjem
jo en Menighed!
Ikke sandt Du Kjære,
dette er vor Tro og Lære :
Vi er en Treenighed :
Baby, Du og jeg!
Og som vi gaar Livets Vej,
dette være skal vort Maal :
Prøve, stræbe for at naa det Bedste!
Som os selv vi elske vil vor Næste!
Glædelig Jul! min Viv, min Baby, Skaal!

Barbara Frietchie.

(*John Greenleaf Whittier.*)

Paa den aarle September Dag
mellem de rige Marker og bag

Marylands Høje i Solens Bad
med Taarne og Spir laa Frederick Stad.

Svanger var den kjølige Luft
med Fersken- og med Æbleduft;

for Oprørsskaren, man vented' paa,
som en Edens Have Landet laa.

Paa denne Morgen i tidlig Høst
Lee med sin Hær marschered' mod Øst;

Hestfolk, Fodfolk, Rad efter Rad,
ad Bjergstien kom mod Frederick Stad.

Firti stjernebesaaede Flag
vajed' i By fra tidlig Dag.

Firti Flag slog ud deres Fold —
ej ét var at se, da Klokken slog tolv.

Men Barbara Frietchie, med sølvhvidt Haar,
stod op og, trods sine sytti Aar,

hun med sin modige Trofasthed
hejsede Flaget, Mænd haled' ned.

Fra Kvistvindvet viste det Flag, at kun
et Hjerte blev trø i Farens Stund.

Oprørerne gjennem Byen skred,
Stonewall Jackson i Spidsen red.

Tilhøjre, tilvenstre hans Øjne gik,
da fanged' det gamle Flag hans Blik:

"*Holdt!*" — Hver Mand stod som naglet fast.
"*Fyr!*" — Hver Riffel kom op i Hast.

Ruder og Vindu skudtes i Kvag,
flængt blev Barbara Frietchie's Flag.

Flux fra den knækkede skøre Stang
greb hun Flaget og højt det svang.

Ned til Stonewall hun raabte stolt,
medens hun Flaget viftende holdt:

"Mit hvide Hoved til Skive tag!
Skyd kun! Men skaan dit Fødelands Flag!"

Og strax, som Ordene naaede ham,
hans Aasyn blussed' af Anger og Skam.

Og som de Ord til Hjertet fandt Vej,
de vakte til Liv hans bedre Jeg.

"Et Skud mod hende — jeg siger den Mand
dør som en Hund! Fremad Marsch!" raabte han.

Den hele Dag fra fjærn og nær
Tropperne kom fra Fjendens Hær;

over dem vajed' den ganske Dag
Barbara Frietchie's hullede Flag;

kun Vinden kom og gav sig i Lag
legende med det flængede Flag.

Og Solen sank, og luerød
Flaget lyste i Aftenens Glød.

Urostifterne høres ej nu;
Barbara Frietchie bæres i Hu;

æret i Mindet, for hendes Skyld skal
en Taare fældes for Stonewall's Fald.

Frihedens Flag, hun sin Kjærlighed gav—
vaj over Barbara Frietchie's Grav!

Rundt om Lovens skyttende Hegn
Lys og Skønhed sætte sit Tegn,

alt medens Himlens Stjernerad
Stjerner ser i Frederick Stad.

Brev fra Columbus.

Da Normændene i New York fejrede deres 1ste Leif Ericssons Fest.

Sagt det være
Leif til Ære,
fuldt og fast jeg tror
aldrig til San Salvador
havde jeg vist nogensinde
selv med allerbedste Vinde
naaet,
hvis jeg ikke havde faaet
Nys
om hans Kryds
til det store Land.
Derfor Leif velsignet være!
Jeg var aldrig nogen Blære;
mens jeg gik paa Jord,
som en ærlig Mand
ofte lod jeg falde
disse Ord:

"Den Idé, at bag Atlanten
fandtes Land, den var minsandten
ej min egen;
Leif han viste mig jo Vejen
i en Bunke
Runer, som de strunke
lærde Munke,
mens de var paa Islands Toppe

og deroppe
spanked om,
fandt og bragte med til Rom.

Derfor løft det norske Flag mod Skyen
naar I gaar igjennem Yankeebyen!
Og til bredfuldt Maal
tøm I kun en Skaal
for den kjække Nordbo, som
først til Landet kom!

Christophoro Columbus.

Gamle og nye Rövere.

(Alex. Walker.)

Væk er det gamle Røverfolk,
Banden, forsoren, forvoven:
Fjærbusk i Hatten, Riffel og Dolk —
Lovløse Fugle i Skoven.

De brød sig Pokker om Landslov og Ret,
de ægte, gammeldags Røvere;
dog rapsed' og stjal de nok saa honnet,
Disse Rigfolks Lomme-Bedrøvere.

De gamle Banditter ej mer' vi ser,
dog Røvere har vi — ja Masser!
Til Skovens Huler de søger ej mer',
nu bor de i stolte Paladser.

De vrager den Rejsendes velfyldte Pung—
de raner usynlige Summer,
usynlig for Hoben, tykho'det og tung,
den ser ej, hvor Fløden de skummer.

Drej Dig! Sno Dig!—Flyv om Du vil!
fast har de Dig dog i Nettet,
Du ser, Du mærker ej deres Spil,
før ret tilgavns Du er lettet.

De plukker Folket med roligt Mod,
paa Alle og Alt de sig fæste,
de stjæler Gaden under din Fod,
og kjører med Fuldblodsheste.

Og kalder Du slig en Kjæltring en Tyv,
han svarer: "Nej hør, kjære Landsmand,
at jeg er en Tyv, det er min Sjæl Lyv!
Jeg er kun en kløgtig Finansmand!"

Aa giv mig det gamle Røverpak
for Nutidens Spekulanter,
det Pak, som skreg, mens Dolken de trak:
"Dit Liv eller dine Kontanter!"

Skelettet i Rustning.

(*Longfellow.*)

Om dette Digt skriver Longfellow: "Jeg fik Ideen til det, som jeg en Dag kjörte langs Kysten ved Newport. Et Par Aar i Forvejen var et Skelet i en af Ælde halvfortæret Rustning blevet gravet op i Fall River, Massachusetts. Det faldt mig da ind, i et Digt at sætte dette Skelet i Forbindelse med det runde Taarn i Newport, som Prof. Rafn i "Memoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaries du Nord" for 1838—39 paastaar er bygget af Nordboere inden eller i det 12te Aarhundrede."

"Sig mig, Du stumme Svend,
bærende Sværd ved Lænd,
gaar Du som død igjen?
Tal! Du mig skrækker!
Sig mig, Du stumme Aand,
hvorfor din Knokkelhaand,
tør som en vissen Vaand,
mod mig Du strækker?"

Hvor under hvalte Bryn
før lyste Kæmpens Syn
glimted' som Kornmods Lyn
dæmpede Flammer.
Rundt om os alt var tyst,
indtil, som Vind i Høst,
dumpt steg hans hule Røst
fra Hjertets Kammer:

"Oppe i Thules Land
under Kong Hildebrand
var jeg en Vikingsmand,
kjendt rundt i Landet.
Hvad jeg fortæller nu

andre meddele Du.
Bær Du det ej i Hu,
er Du forbandet!

Vild er mit Hjemlands Kyst;
dér alt som Barn med Lyst
voved' jeg mangen Dyst;
tidt paa den svage,
tyndfrosne Is jeg foer,
krydsede Sundet, hvor
Hundene slap mit Spor,
angst veg tilbage.

Jægerne stod jeg bi,
langt bort fra Mark og Sti
søgte jeg Bjørnens Hi,
og gjennem Skoven
fulgte jeg Ulvens Gang,
jaged' den Natten lang,
ofte til Lærkens Sang
toned fra oven.

Som en forvoven Krop
tidligt paa Bølgens Top
jeg med en Vikingtrop
sejled' fra Norden.
De i hver Havn var kjendt;
Guld, Sølv og Gods blev tjent,
og mange Sjæle sendt
bort herfra Jorden.

Hele den Vinter lang
Sværdet paa Væggen hang,
mest dog om Vaabenklang
Kæmperne talte.
Lystigt vi sang og drak,
Hornet tilbunds vi stak,
ofte vi sad med Snak
til Hanen galte.

Stundom fortalte jeg
Stordaad fra Havets Vej,
Øjne da saa paa mig
endnu erindred' ;
venlig som Stjernens Skin
falder paa Klippens Tind,
saa for mit mørke Sind
dejligt de tindred'.

Hun blev min Hjertenskjær.
O hun var lys og skær !
Snart hendes Billed hver
Nat holdt mig vaagen.
Troskab hun svor mig til,
hun, Kongens Datterlil !
hun, skøndt en Due mild,
fløj helst med Maagen.

Kæmper i Hundredtal
mødtes i Kongens Hal,
nyfigen mangen Skjald
laante dem Øre.

Da jeg om Dattren bad,
stille de Kæmper sad,
thi min Fortælling gad
Hildebrand høre.

Men som han drak sin Mjød,
ud han i Latter brød,
og som naar Stormens Stød
Skum bær mod Stranden,
saadan med Lattren, vakt
ene af dyb Foragt,
blæste han Mjødets Pragt,
Skummet fra Kanden.

Jeg var en Viking god,
hun var af Kongeblod,
det kun i Vejen stod —
dog fik jeg Skatten!
Skulde paa Maagens Flugt
Duen ej fulgt, de smukt
skulde holdt Buret lukt
bedre om Natten.

Trygt jeg i Skibets Stavn
stod med min Skat i Favn,
men som mod Hjemmets Havn
Blikket jeg retted',
saa jeg en Sky af Sand
fyge langs hviden Strand;
at det var Hildebrand,
let nok jeg gjætted!

Snelt kom hans Mænd tilhest,
stak saa tilsøs, men bedst
som de mig fulgte Vest
slakkede Vinden.
Strøm som en vældig Fos
bar dem dog hen mod os;
haanligt med Had og Trods
hilste os Fjenden.

Dansende Baaden sprang,
Sværdene alt de svang,
skingrende Raabet klang:
"Død! Ingen Naade!"
Mod dem jeg styred' fast,
traf dem, saa Spantet brast,
ned sank da Mand og Last
i Havets Fraade.

Kjækt som en Ørn fra Jagt,
der med sit Ran i strakt
Flugt søger uforsagt
Klippernes Tinde,
jeg med min unge Mø
sejled' den vilde Sø,
vis paa at Frelsens Ø
vilde jeg finde.

Dage og Uger gik,
Medbør tilsidst vi fik
og for mit trætte Blik
Land saas sig højne.

Endt var min Vikingstur,
strax jeg et Jomfrubur
bygged'—dér staar dets Mur
for dine Øjne.

Dér med min fagre Ven
Tiden gled hurtig hen,
dér blev hun Moder, men
kort var min Glæde.
Døden kom grumt og brat,
tog først min elskte Skat,
kom saa den samme Nat
efter den Spæde.

Snart som et vissent Blad
saa jeg hver Dag med Had,
aldrig min Sjæl var glad;
Sorgen mig bøjed'.
Mig var kun Døden kjær;
inde i Skoven dér
faldt jeg for eget Sværd,
glad lukked' Øjet.

Sjælen sit Fængsel brød,
fløj til Alfaders Skjød,
didhen hvor efter Død
Livet vi vente,
hvor rundt om Glædens Baal
Helte til bredfuldt Maal
glad drikker Nordens Skaal!"
—Hermed han endte.

England og Amerika.

Hilsen til Vestens mægtige Datter
sender vi over Hav og Flod!
Højt vi Dig elsker og fuldt Dig skatter;
i dine Aarer er britisk Blod.
Kaldes til Krig vi igjen, vi mene
Du vil ej lade tyranniske Troner
kæmpe imod din Moder alene,
jævnsides plantes skal vore Kanoner.
Hurra! Hurra!
for vor elskte Slægt i Amerika!

Alfred Tennyson.

UNDER VENEZUELA STRIDEN 1895.

O høje Datter, mægtige Titan,
som trygt bag milevide Bølger staar,
vort Hjerte pønser ej paa nogen Plan
mod Dig, dog truende vi sér Du gaar
med løftet Haand idag imod din Mo'r.
For saadan liden Uret som Du tror
dig voldes nu, Du gjøre ej et Fjed,
ej med et Ord forstyrre Jordens Fred.
Dog har Du Overmaal af Kraft, for stærk
din Arm dig synes kun for Fredens Værk,
hjælp os at staa den svage bi og ramme
en misbrugt Magt og stille Falskt tilskamme.
Dit Navn, lovpriset, Verden da skal kjende
og være elsket indtil Tidens Ende.

William Watson, London.

Den høje Datter give vil til Svar :—
Ej tryg fordi imellem os vi har
de milevide Bølger ! Tænk Dig om !
Da Bo jeg fæsted her, en Moder kom
hidover Havet og et Sværd hun bar
med Flammeblik og bittert Hjertelag
mod mig ; men dog i Datteren, skjøndt svag,
hun fandt en spændstig Aand, der ej blev tam !
— At komme saa med Had og gaa med Skam !

Ved Havet sidder jeg nu mere stærk,
og vogter mine yngre Søstres Værk.
Et Fredens Værk er mit ; men om mig naaer
et Raab om Hjælp, jeg rejser mig og slaar
for Svages Ret, vil Magten, misbrugt, ramme,
vil, hvor jeg kan, og stille Falskt tilskamme !
Saa vil jeg kun, at Verden skal mig kjende !
Saa vinde Ærens Ry til Tidens Ende !

W. H. Ostrander, New York.

Thorvaldsen.

Da man var ifærd med at rejse hans Statue i New York.

Dit Navn med gyldne Runer længst er skrevet,
og nævnt og jublet ud i hvert et Sprog ;
kun faa som Du i Kunsten saa har levet,
at Livet blev et Alexandertog.

Imellem andre Verdens Store stillet,
hvor før Manhattans vilde Sønner gik,
vi inden længe skue skal dit Billed',
det samme som af Dig i Arv vi fik.

Jason.

Den drabelige Jason tog til Orde :
"Iolkos Trone, den er min!"
Men Folkets Ypperste ham gjorde
det Spørgsmaal : "Er Du vis paa, den er din ?
Vel ser vi, Du har Heltens Styrke,
men hvad Du magter, maa vi kende nøje ;
de Gaver, som Du fik af Guderne, de høje,
de staar end svøbt i Mørke.
Det baader lidet, at vi sige
om hele Folket og vil sande,
vi tyde kan den Skrift,
der lyser paa din Pande.
Nej, Jason, før Du Tronen kan bestige
øv først en stor Bedrift,
der viser, dit er dette Rige.

Hvor vidt det sorte Hav sig strækker,
hvor langt dets sorte Bølger rækker,
vi aner ej ; men ved dets Ende
vi véd, at paa en Klippes Tind
din egen høje Frænde
har hængt en Gang det gyldne Skind
af Vædderen, som Mars i Nøden
ham sendte, og som frelste ham fra Døden.

Har Du det rette Heltesind,
stryg over Havet, drag i Kolchis ind ;
fæld Dragen, som bevogter Dag og Nat
det gyldne Skind, vor tabte Skat,
og bring det hid, at det kan glæde

det ganske Folk og fryde hvert et Øje,
gjør det, og i det høje Sæde
vi sætte dig og vil os bøje
for Jason, saa det hele Folk skal sige:
Ved egen Daad han Hersker blev i dette Rige."

Og Jason over Havet drog
og naa'de Kolchis, hvor han Dragen vog,
og Sejerherren tog
det gyldne Skind og mange andre Skatte
og bragte dem til Grækenland og satte
dem saa til Skue, at enhver fik Glæde
af hvad han bragte hjem.
Med Jubel Folket traadte frem
og satte Jason i det høje Sæde.
Og rundt om Verden, som den snare Vind
fløj Ry om Jason og det gyldne Skind.

Fra Danmark sejled' en Krigsfregat.
Den havde ombord saa kostbar en Skat;
men Skatten laa i et Menneskes Sjæl,
hvor stor den var, han aned ej selv.
Paa Krigsfregatten han vandrede om,
den Fredens Mand;
i drømmende Tanker vandrede han,
og Tankernes Maal var Rom.

Tidt i hans Sjæl, allerdybest inde,
han syntes, han hørte det hviske og sige:
"Rejs did; thi der skal Du vinde

Tronen i Kunstens Rige!
Fra neden til højeste Tind
Du søge; thi der skal Du finde
Kunstens det gyldne Skind."

Med Iver og Flid
han havde alt søgt — og fundet — de Veje,
der førte did;
og hjemme de Ypperste hørte han sande,
at Mærket, han bar paa sin Pande,
viste, at for sit herlige Yrke
Naturen ham havde givet i Eje
Geniets vældige Styrke.
Men ude de ledende Stemmer tav,
hans Fremtids Drømme i Mørke
Verden hyllede ind;
thi foran ham laa et Tvivlens Hav
af sorte Vover;
dem maatte han over,
vilde han hente
det gyldne Skind,
Løsnet til Kunsten, som længst laa død.

Og Attraaen brændte
og brændte til Glød.
Da lued det op i Tanke og Sind,
og Jason selv med det gyldne Skind
stod for hans Øje.
Og snart den høje,
den mægtige Helt — fra Slagets Buldren
kommen tilbage med Skindet paa Armen,

Hjelmen paa Hodet, Spydet paa Skuldren,
sejerssvulmende Barmen,
nøgen fra Hoved til Fod —
fuldendt i Leret stod
og kaldte tilbage
den tabte Kunst
fra Hellas de gyldne Dage.

Og Verden lønned ham med Guld og Gunst;
thi rundtom som den snare Vind
fløj Ry om Jason med det gyldne Skind.
Men Mestren løfted mange andre Skatte
og bragte dem til Danmarks Land og satte
dem saa tilskue, at enhver fik Glæde
af hvad han bragte hjem.
Med Jubel Folket traadte frem
og satte Mestren i det høje Sæde.
Og hele Verden stemmer i
en Sejerssymfoni
for ham, der bragte fuldt tilbage
den rene Kunst fra Hellas gyldne Dage.

Som Kunstens Helt han i Livet har knejst,
et evigt Minde han selv har sig rejst.
Hvad Thorvaldsen virked' for Danmarks Land,
det kender hver Dannekvinde og Mand.

Ved Havet.

(Longfellow)

Tusmørket tungt sig sænker,
vildt blæser Vinden op,
lig Maagens hvide Vinger
staar Skummet paa Bølgens Top.

Derinde i Fiskerens Hytte,
Lyset paa Bordet staar tændt —
et lille Ansigt ved Vindvet,
dog imod Havet er vendt.

Saa tæt, tæt op imod Ruden
har Barnet trykket sin Kind,
som søgte det Nogen ude
i Nattens vildsomme Vind.

Derinde en Kvindes Skygge
frem og tilbage gaar,
snart ned mod Gulvet den dukker,
og snart mod Loftet den naar.

Hvad mon nu Stormen, den vilde,
der leger med Fiskerens Garn,
og banker paa Hyttens Ruder,
fortæller det lille Barn?

Og hvorfor gjør Havets Brusen,
og Nattens truende Vind,
der banker paa Moderens Hjerte,
bleg som en Død hendes Kind?

Ole Bull.

1880.

Du kjender jo Landet, hvor Stormen gaar
saa barsk over høje Fjelde,
hvor Grantoppen op mod Skylaget naar,
let Bytte for Lynets Vælde.

Dér, i Byen bag Klippernes Hegn,
altid hyllet i Taage og Regn,
fødtes han, som med tryllende Vaand
tvang os til Graad og Glæde,
han som med Kunstens Snille og Aand
indtog et Herskersæde,
løste de fængslede Stemningers Baand,
skjænked i Toner dem Vinger.
Død er hans Magt og stille hans Haand,
hans Ry over Jord dog klinger.

Tidt som Gut ved Fos og Fjeld
sad han fra Morgen til Kveld.
Fuglen lokked i Træets Top,
glødende Eventyr steg op,
opad med dem han vilde,
Længslerne lod sig ej stille.

Det bruste i ham, det sang og klang,
men Kampen vared' ej længe;
thi snart bag Fjeldet den dejligste Sang
sig hæved fra bævende Strenge.
Og Aanden mægtig sin Vinge slog,

og opad Tonernes Stige
hver lyttende Sjæl den med sig tog
til Fantasiernes Rige.

Snart over Verden foer hans Ry,
nævnt han blev blandt de største,
her i Manhattans mægtige By
hædret han blev som en Fyrste.

Folket er samlet, Kvinde og Mand
venter med Længsel at høre
Spillemanden, som saadan kan
Hjerterne røre.

Og Buen sig rapper,
og Folket klapper,
og Tonerne klinge
og hoppe og springe,
som Smaatrolden danser.
Det bruser og støjer
med Vildskab og Løjer,
til Farten standser,
og Harmonier
i Melodier
saa smeltende strømme,
at mange sig drømme,
hvor Birkene suse
og Elvene bruse
i Lierne hjemme.
Da høres en Stemme,
saa drømmende stille,

en Fugletrille,
som fra en Nattergals Bryst —
Og alt er tyst.

Tyst hviler Mestren i sin Grav,
hans Magt er død, hans Haand er stille.
Med Tak vi mindes, hvad han gav —
vi hører til en yngre Slægt,
men dog hos os hans Navn har Vægt,
takket være hans Snille.

Guldstruben i Maryland.

(Henry van Dyke.)

Mens Maj ta'r fat og lukker op
de nøgne Grenes blanke Knop
og, som et Mylr af Øjne blaa,
de smaa Violer sér derpaa,
en Stemme mellem Skovens Træ r
gjentager blødt, snart fjærn, snart nær :
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Ja som en Trylleformular
mig synes her din Tone klar.
Der fløj Du, vips! bestemt jeg saa
et Glimt af Sol med Vinger paa,
en Stribe Guld, der let sig svang
i Luften skinnende og sang :
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Profet, som fik det skjønne Navn,
er Mary-Land din Fødestavn,
for vist, Guldstrube, véd Du hvor
min Mary har sit Blomsterflor.
Bed hende gjøre os Visit,
hun kan jo ikke modstaa dit:
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Sig hende, at hun løber fra
sit Yndlingsbed med Reseda,
hun selv er jo langt mere skjøn;
den Viden bærer hun i Løn,
hvorhen hun vender end sit Fjed,
hun spreder med sin Dejlighed
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Hvor nys saas Spor af Vintrens Ran
sig breder lysgrønt Filigran,
Skovbunden staar med Farvespil
og Bækken nynner: Kun Et til!
da var det Hele her komplet.
Kom Mary, var det ret og slet
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Men sé! O sé! der kommer jo
min Dronning over Bækkens Bro!
foran gaar Bladene fra Sans
og Samling rundt i Hvirveldans.
Guldstrube syng! Min Mary her!
Lad gjalde højt i Skovens Træer:
Trylleri—Trylleri—Trylleri!

Et nyt Blad.

(*Da jeg startede "Nordlyset".*)

I Bøgen og Birken
var Knagen og Knirken,
thi Fuglene tumled' sig glade
imellem de frodige Blade.

Da saa de aarvaagne Fugle
et nyt lille Blad,
og fælt skreg en bøs gammel Ugle,
som inde i Træskjulet sad :
"Har Bøgen og Birken ej nok med at nære
de Blade, de alt har at bære?
Jeg synes — Uglen mig tude!
her er Blade nok ude."

Men Grenene knaged' : "Snak, Passiar!
Den Plads, som endnu tilovers vi har,
er Bladet forundt!
Naar blot det er sundt,
har Ingen Ret til at gø ; —
hvis ikke, ja, saa lad det dø!"

Og saadan beskyttet, Bladet tog Læ'ret
fra Munden, stak Næsen ivejret
og sagde saalunde :
"I gode Venner! Vil I forunde
mig blot at sige,
at tvende Blade, saa ganske lige
som to Draaber Vand,
ej et eneste Træ præstere kan.

Og det er jo godt, vi ej ligne hinanden,
for, som han sagde, den gamle Fanden,
da han sin Hale
spinatgrøn lod male:
"Børnlille, ej nægt, at
Variatio delectat!'
Som oversat lyder:
Forandring fryder!"

Og alle de gamle Blade
viftede glade:
"Naar blot Du skikker Dig vel,
slaa vi Dig ikke ihjel.
Hvad Du sa'e, var sagt ganske kjønt
af et Blad — saa grønt."

Vinken, Blinken og Nik.

(*Eugene Field.*)

Vinken, Blinken og Nik en Nat
i en Træsko en Sejltur fik.
Ad blanke Floder sejlende glat
mod en Sø af Dug det gik.
Hvorhen, hvorhen? spurgte Maanen polisk.
De Fiskere svarede frisk:
Vi fanger de funklende Sild,
med Guld- og Sølvnet alle de Fisk,
der lyser i Søen som Ild!
Sa' Vinken, Blinken og Nik.

Og Maanen lo og nynned en Sang
i Takt med Træskoens Vuggen,
og Vinden, som drev dem Natten lang,
sagtelig krusede Duggen.
Smaastjernerne var de smaabitte Sild,
der lyste i Søen som Ild.
"Nu, kast Jer Net, hvor Fisk I se!
I faar os ej, hvordan I Jer té!"
raabte Stjernerne til de Tre,
Vinken, Blinken og Nik.

Men af at fiske de blev ej kjed,
skjønt Fiskene narrede dem.
Fra Stjernerne daled' Træsko'n ned
og bragte Fiskerne hjem.
Den Sejltur var saa vidunderlig smuk
i Skoen paa Søen af Dug.
Du, som ej tror, at Sligt kan ske,
Du kan jo gjerne tvivle og le,
men se jeg, jeg kjender de Tre,
Vinken, Blinken og Nik.

Vinken og Blinken: — to Øjne smaa,
et lille Hode er Nik;
en liden Vugge med Gænger paa
er Træskoen, som de fik.
Sov sødelig Barn ved din Moders Sang,
luk Øjet min dejlige Ven,
saa sejler Du ogsaa Natten lang
ad blanken Flod til Dugsøen hen
i Træsko'n som de Fiskermænd,
Vinken, Blinken og Nik.

Wergeland og Björnson.

1881.

En Frihedens Mand
var Wergeland,
rede at møde
til hver en Tid
i Mægling og Strid
for Krist eller Jøde ;
vaagen og rede
at trække Sværdet af Skede
gjaldt det et Slag
for Samfundets kuede Lag,
sejervis paa sin ærlige Sag,
kronet med Frihedens Dag.

Taknemlige Jøder først stilled'
taknemligt et Billed'
paa Stridsmandens Grav.
Og da saa Folket blev enigt om,
med ham vor Frihed dog kom,
et Minde Norge ham gav.
Og han, der talte, da Mindet blev rejst,
som knejser end, som han altid har knejst,
lyste som Wergelands Minde.
Hvo har vel elsket sit Fødeland,
dets Folk, dets Saga højere end han?
Den Mand I neppe kan finde.
Ham det jo var, der af Norges Folk
som Ungersvend kaldtes Hjerternes Tolk.
Hvor er ej Synnøv, hin liden,
nu og vil være i Tiden,

et straalende Smykke paa ham, den Stærke,
mild, men og barsk som nogen Bersærke.
Hvor slog ej Folket i Hast
paa ham sin Kjærlighed fast,
Hvor kunde de andet?
Han elsked' jo dem og Landet.

Men paa sin Færden paa Tidens Strøm
han vaagnede op af sin Bibel-Drøm;
og Øjnene under de buskede Bryn,
de fik paa Livet et nyfødt Syn;
men denne Vaagnen voldte stor Smerte
i mangt et vennesælt Hjerte — —
Hjerter, der véd, at for hans høje,
menneskekjærlige Krav
vil kommende Slægter sig bøje
og takke for Alt, han gav.

I Bjergpasset.

(*Warman.*)

Fanget jeg stod i det snevre Pas;
for ét Banespor var der Plads.
Da hørte jeg Skinnerne klingre
og Dampfløjten skingre.
Og Toget bruste forbi i et Nu;
som en Statue stod jeg, fyldt med Gru.
Gennem Marv og Ben skar Fløjtens Hvinen
og Ærefrygt greb Forstanden —
ej for Manden, der skabte Maskinen,
men for Guden, der skabte Manden.

Ejner Tamberskjælver.

(Longfellow.)

Det var Ejner Tamberskjælver,
som ved Masten stod;
fra sin sølvbeslagne Bue
Pilene han lod
flyve over mod Jarl Erik;
men bag Skansens Vold
Jarlen snildeligt sig skjulte,
dækket af sit Skjold.

Først en Pil slog fast i Skansen,
næst hvor Erik sad.
"Syng, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller!"
Jarlen Skjalden bad.
"Syng om Hakon, som til Døden
kæmped' tro og stærk!"
Og en anden Pil let strejfed'
Jarlens Pansersærk.

Vendte han sig mod en Kæmpe:
"Giv Du Dig i Kast
med hin rappe Bueskytte,
ryd ham bort i Hast!"
Kæmpen rede stod og sigted',
Pil fra Streng blev skudt.
Højt lo Ejner, kun hans Bue
laa isønderbrudt.

"Hvad var det?" Kong Olaf spurgte,
"hvilket vældigt Brag!
Lød det ej, som Stormen kasted'
ind mod Fjeld et Vrag?"

Ejner peged' paa sin Bue,
og han svared' hvast :
"Af din Haand, O Herre Konge,
Norges Rige brast !"

"Ilde varsler Du !" gjenmæled
Olaf med et Smil,
"men tag Buen min, og snelt nu
flyve lad din Pil."
Og sin bedste Bue bød han
Ungersvenden prud ;
Ejner saa fra Olafs Hanske
Blodet pible ud.

Men skjøndt stor og prægtig Buen
Tamberskjælver drog
Pilen lige ned til Odden,
og til Orde tog,
sagde medens Kinden blussed' :
"Herre Konge, tag
Du din Bue, thi Du ser jo,
den er mig for svag."

Modet ham om Læben spilled',
fuld af Harm han sprang
over paa Jarl Eriks Drage
og sit Glavind svang.
Haaret flagred, Skjoldet straalte,
stolt han stod ombord,
lig Sankt Mikaèl, der kaster
Lucifer til Jord.

Gunga Din.

(*Rudyard Kipling.*)

Øl og Snaps hver Dag I sér,
mens I ligger i Kvartér,
selv paa Marschen I med Drik gemytligt ta'r det.
Men skal rigtig holdes Stand,
og det gjælder at faa Vand,
I vil kysse Fødderne paa den der har det.
Aa, i Indien er det hedt!
For min Dronning stridt og svedt,
jeg Landet dér jo kjender ud og ind!
Blandt de mørke Fjæs, jeg saa,
jeg en herlig Fyr traf paa,
det var Regimentets *bhisti*,*) Gunga Din.

Han var: "Din! Din! Din!
Du vimse Haltefanden, Gunga Din!
Hej! *slippy hitherao!*
Hid med Pösen! *Panee lao!*
Skævnæsed' Afgudsbilled, Gunga Din!"

Uniformen, som han bar,
var et sjeldent Exemplar,
fortil altfor kort og bagtil halv saa lang;
kun en sammenrimpet Pjalt
og hans Vandsæk — det var Alt,
som til Krigsbrug han fik samlet nogen Gang.
Naar et Tog vi vented' paa,
og paa aaben Mark vi laa,
mens af Solen vore Øjenbryn blev brændt,

*) Vandbærer, hörende til Reglmenterne i Indien.

til vor Hals var tør som Sand,
lød vort Brøl: "Hent Vand! Bring Vand!"
Og paa én Gang skreg det hele Regiment:

"Hvor er Din? Din! Din!
Du Hedning, kom og rap Dig som en Vind!
Her din Rad, kom med din Sæk!
Skænk mig Hjelmen fuld, skænk væk!
ellers slaar jeg Dig i Smadder, Gunga Din!"

Til den længste Dag var endt,
løb han om, fik hver betjent;
og en frygtsom Tanke kom ham aldrig nær;
om vi frem mod Fjenden brød,
om vi hugged' eller skød,
I kan stole paa, at han var altid dér.
Var end Kampen noksaa styg,
med sin Vandsæk paa sin Ryg
han løb frem til Hornet blæste: Retirér!
Var hans mørke Fjæs beskidt,
rent hans Hjerte var og blidt,
naar han hjalp en Bro'r, der ikke kunde mer'.

Det var: "Din! Din! Din!"
mens Kugler peb om Øren og om Kind.
Og de laded', og de skjød,
og fra Fronten höjt det löd:
"Kom med Kugler og med Krudt og Gunga Din!"

Jeg forglemmer ej den Nat,
da jeg blødende og mat
segned om og laa saa stiv der som en Pind,
at den Mand, der saa mig først,
mens jeg halvdød laa af Tørst,

var vor gode, gamle, grimme Gunga Din.
Han mit Ho'de løfted op,
og han plastrede min Krop,
og han gav mig en Pægl Vand til at "ta' ind."
Hvor det stank! men jeg det drak;
ingen Drik med større Tak
har jeg tømt end denne bragt af Gunga Din.

Det var: "Din! Din! Din!
Nu kommer han! Jeg höre kan hans Trin!
Dér En i Græsset bider!
I Smerte han sig vrider!
Hent Vand! For Guds Skyld skynd dig, Gunga Din!'

Han tog og bar mig bort,
men hans Hjælp kun vared' kort,
for med ét en Kugle traf det gamle Skind!
Aa, den havde sikkert Bud!
Men idet han aanded' ud:
"Den Drik har gjort Dig godt!" sa' Gunga Din.
Nu hvis i det dybe Hul
blandt de altid røde Kul
jeg møder ham, jeg véd, med venligt Sind
han blandt tabte Sjæle gaar,
og at de Fordømte faar
i Helved' selv en Slurk af Gunga Din.

Din! Din! Din!
Du gamle Laza-ruslæ'r Gunga Din!
Var tidt jeg haard imod Dig,
ved Himlen, jeg forstod Dig!
Du var bedre Mand, end jeg er, Gunga Din!

En Tramp.

(*Donohoe.*)

Stjernerne tindre og blinke,
i Maanelys Skoven staar.
Grenene knage og vinke,
jeg gaar, uden Maal jeg gaar.

Venneløs, hjemløs,
ene jeg vandrer min Vej,
holder saa meget af Andre,
som Andre holder af mig.

Forbi man kjører og rider,
forgjæves jeg tigger som før;
Vinden snærrer og bider
som Hunden ved Rigmands Dør.

Mit Haab ingen Vinter kan isne,
dødt var det i mange Aar;
skøndt tidt jeg tænker, de visne
Træer drømme om Vaar.

Vaar og Sommer og Vinter,
det er mig lige Fedt,
venlige Ord og Finter,
alt kommer ud paa Et.

Venneløs, hjemløs,
ene jeg vandrer min Vej,
holder saa meget af Andre,
som Andre holder af mig.

Idræt.

Fra en norsk Turnerfest i New York.

Det passer vel for Kvækerne
at gaa med sænket Hode,
men Nordens Folk og Grækerne
holdt altid højt i Mode
det frie, franke Væsen —
I Vejret kun med Næsen !
Og dristig i din Færden,
sæt Foden frem i Verden !

Al Idræt er en prægtig Kur
for Stivhed og for Dvaskhed,
og sés i Norges Folks Natur
en egen Raskhed,
da ligger Grunden i, jeg tror :
Af intet andet Folk paa Jord
den gamle Idrætslære
bli'r holdt saa højt i Ære.
Derfor de tidt vandt Kransen
for Daad, som vi beundrede —
I dette vort Aarhundrede
der har vi Fridtjof Nansen ;
hvis ej hans Kunst paa Sø, paa Ski,
paa Farten havde staat ham bi,
det sig jo vistnok lader
betvivle, om han havde faat
sit Ry, og om havde naat
de "Sex og Otti" Grader.

Frida Johnsen.

(*Eva Donaldson.*)

Mellem de brændende Stammer,
udaf de luende Flammer,
over den glødende, gnistrende Jord
et Pigebarn løb med sin Bro'er.*)

En liden Pige, som holdt til sin Barm
en Dreng, knap en Alen stor,
en liden Tøs, men med Heltearm
bar hun Byrden, som frem hun foer;

alene blandt en fortvivlet Flok,
med Døden omkap over Sten og Stok,
ude af Aande, men spændstigt hvert Lem,
fremad, frem med sin Byrde, frem!

Ej bange Tanker hun skjænker sig selv,
langt borte hun véd er en kølende Elv.
I Ildens knittrende, bragende Kor,
hun tænker kun paa sin Bro'er.

Et kjærligt Hjerte altid har Mod,
aldrig mødig bliver den Fod,
som Kjærlighedens Ærinde gaar,
stærk er Armen, som frelsende slaar.

Reddet er begge fra Skovenes Brand,
røgfri skuer hun Himmel og Jord,

*) Begivenhed fra den store Skovbrand i det nordlige Minnesota i Sommeren 1894.

svimlende sér hun det blinkende Vand —
frelste er Søster og Bro'er.

Du lille Pige — i Kjærlighed stor !
Din Gjerning gik i Frelserens Spor ;
din egen Fare Du kom ej ihu —
Himlen vær takket for hver som Du !

Carl Rohl Smith.

Blandt Yankeelandets store Mindesmærker
staar hans, den danske Kunstners Værker.
Her Vejen til Berømmelse han fandt —
han kom, han saa og vandt.
Men da sin største Sejr han havde vundet,
da var hans Timeglas udrundet.

Stille ofres dig en Taare
Rohl Smith !
Hvad vi sige ved din Baare
vejer kun saa lidt ;
skjøndt vi af vort ganske
Hjerte ville sige :
Du stod Numer Et
blandt den Skare Danske,
der til dette Rige
stævned fra det gamle Hjem
for at vinde frem.

Dine Evner kasted' Glans!
Aa, det vidstes her saa nøje,
Glans, der tirred mangt et Øje —
Landets Børn saa tungt det fandt
dér at give tabt,
dér, hvor Du, den danske Kunstner, vandt
dine Sejres sidste Krans.

Men naar Helten — han,*)
der vandt Sejer i sit eget Land,
han, hvis Billed Du har skabt,
rider frem en Dag
og gjør Holdt for Hvermands Øje,
O da taler nok den høje
Yankee-Kriger i Metal
varmt den danske Kunstners Sag,
og Misundelse vil Ho'det bøje
og erkjende: i sit Kald
stod han Numer Ét!

Stille ofres Dig en Taare
Rohl Smith.
Hvad vi siger ved din Baare
vejer kun saa lidt.

---

*) General Sherman, hvis Rytterstatue af Rohl Smith afslöredes i Washington den 15de Oktober iaar.

To Slags Folk.

(*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*)

Kun to Slags Folk i Verden jeg ser,
kun to Slags Folk, *jeg* ser ikke fler;

ej Gode og Slette; thi siges med Rette,
halv slet er den Gode, halv god er den Slette;

ej Fattig og Rig; thi Rigdom ej ene
bestemmes af Penge og kostbare Stene;

ej Stolte og Myge; thi den der bær
sin Næse i Sky er ej Omtale værd.

De Glade og Sorgfulde? Dem heller ikke,
snart Latter, snart Taarer kan Livet os skikke.

De To jeg ser, og som nævne jeg vil,
er dem der slider og dem der ser til.

Javist er Verdens Menneskemasser
bestandig delte i disse to Klasser!

Pas Du kun paa, og Du indrømme vil,
hvor En løfter Byrder, en Snes ser til.

Er *Du* en Slider? Er *Du* en af dem,
der hjælper din Næste paa Vejen frem?

Eller ser Du kun til, mens han med Besvær
din Del og sin egen af Byrden bær?

Bedstemo'r.

(*Christian Advocate.*)

En Drengs bedste Ven er hans Bedstemo'r,
de To i hinanden sig sole,
for ham hun altid har kjærlige Ord,
selv om han skulker af Skole.

En Bedstemo'r har bestandig lidt Knas,
naar den Smaafyr puttes tilkøjs,
en Bedstemo'r gjør dog altid lidt Stads
af saadan en vild Galerøjs.

Om stundom Søster og Tante han driller,
en Bedstemo'r aldrig er stræng,
hun kigger blot over de store Briller
og siger: "En Dreng er en Dreng."

I Skumringen medens paa Loft og Gulv
Kaminilden lyser, den Gode
dog nu og da sanker gloende Kul
paa sin "egen Drengs" syndige Hode.

Da ligner Fyren ej mere sig selv,
hans Øje staar blankt som en Sø,
den Tanke gaar som et Stik til hans Sjæl,
at en Bedstemo'r ogsaa maa dø.

Tiggere.

(*Ella Higginson.*)

Der staar hun med sultne Blikke
med bleg og indfalden Kind,
Haanden rakt ud for at tigge,
men har ej mit hungrende Sind.

Paa Gaden tigger jeg ikke —
i Løndom med Haanden strakt ud
mod Ham, med brændende Blikke
jeg tigger dog, tigger af Gud.

Du lille Pige tag dette ;
Du beder om Brød, jeg véd — —
O vilde Han saadanne mætte
min hungrende Sjæl med Fred.

Sorte Diamanter.

Rigtig, rigtig Vintervejr !
Bidende er Kulden !
Bring kun Julegaven her,
Trøjen blød og ulden !

Kul i Kjældren ! Kul i Kjældren !
Snart med Buldren og med Smældren
sorte Diamanter gnistre,
lysende i Ovnen,
lad saa Vintrens hvide, bistre
Fugle skjule Solen,
jeg skal rigtig nyde Dovnen
her i Lænestolen.

Kjære Kone ! Kjære Kone !
Du gad have Brillianter
til at smykke Hals og Arme,
disse sorte Diamanter
gi'er dog mere Varme !
Brillianter nok i Skrinet
fattede i Guld,
det er herligt, det kan hænde !
Kjære, paa en Dag som denne
finder jeg dog mer velsi'net
er en Kjælder fuld
af det sorte Kul !
Kjære Kone ! Kjære Kone !
Det er mine Diamanter !
Bort med Hat og Pels og Vanter !
ej idag — saa ta'e mig Søren !
faar Du mig paa Døren !

Se ! de sorte Stene gnistre,
medens udenfor de bistre,
hvide Vintrens Fugle
alting skjule !
Denne Dag er viet Dovnen —
Og saa Ovnen !

Den Hundrede Rejse.

Den 25de Februar 1896 havde "Thingvalla", der aabnede den regelmæssige Dampskibsforbindelse mellem Danmark og Amerika, gjort sin Hundrede Rundrejse, og i den Anledning overrakte Skibets Venner i New York Kaptejnen et kostbart Sölvskjold til Pryd for Kahytten.

Et Knald ! Det var en Champagnekork,
der fløj i Thingvallas Kontor i New York.
Og Chefen gav Ordre : "Vi Dannebrog hejse !
Thingvalla har gjort sin Hundrede Rejse !
Og Flaget blev hejst som befalet
af hele Kontorpersonalet,
mens Hurraet lød, saa det dundrede,
for Rejsen den Hundrede !

Det var Hr. Berentzen, dygtig Kaptejn,
ømmer sig hverken for Storm eller Regn.
Den danske Kaptejn idag saa man knejse,
thi endt var den Hundrede Rejse !

Berentzen stod paa det høje Dæk,
de Drosker kom kjørende stadig væk.
Ud sprang Herrerne, klædte i Galla,
og snart var alle ombord paa "Thingvalla",
og mens om Kaptejnen Kreds de slog,
én af dem saadan til Orde tog :

"I Sømænd foragter Gods, der fortæres
af Rust og Møl,
idag, Hr. Kaptejn, skal De dog foræres
et Skjold af Søl'.
Det straale skal i Kahytten agter,
og hver som det Skjold herefter betragter

skal mindes at troligt, uforsagt,
vaagne Øjne var her paa Vagt,
til den Hundrede Tur var tilbagelagt.
Gaa og kom og fremtidig hold
Skibets Ry saa blankt som det Skjold!"

De Sømænd gjør ikke megen Snak,
Kaptejnen bukked og sagde Tak.
Men alle de Herrer, som stode i Galla
ombord paa "Thingvalla",
de raabte Hurra, saa det dundrede,
for Rejsen den Hundrede!

Nu vender "Thingvalla" sin Agterstavn
mod os, drejer hjemad sin Snude,
og ankommen dér, si'er Kjøbenhavn:
"Ja, nu er 101 s'gu ude!"

Druen.

En Gift i Druesaften fint sig dølger
til brugt uædelt bli'er den ædle Frugt;
den straffer om kun vildt Begjær Du følger,
og smertefuld er ofte Vinens Tugt.
Men blev nu Druen, hver Gang den blev plukket,
paa Stedet spist og ikke drukket,
strax var al Fare udelukket.

De tre Skrædere.

(*Efter det Tyske af Herlofszohn.*)

Tre Skrædere droge med lystigt Sind
en Dag til Værten i Ingelheim ind,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
Hans gode Vin havde lokket dem did,
men i Lommen havde de ej en Hvid
for Vinen, for Vinen.

"Hr. Vært! vi ejer slet Ingenting,
i Verden var vi dog vidt omkring,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
Et godt Glas Vin I skjænke nu os,
og Kunststykker gjør vi Fanden til Trods
for Vinen, for Vinen."

"I Svende! Værten i Ingelheim har
I med at gjøre og ikke en Nar,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
Dog driver I Spas kun, jeg allenfals
kan knække Jer syndige Skræderhals
for Vinen, for Vinen."

En Solstraale fanged' den ene Svend,
og traadede flux sin Synaal med den,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
Et revnet Vinglas i én, to, tre,
han sy'de sammen, ej Søm var at se
i Vinen, i Vinen.

Den anden Skræder en Myg fik fat
der paa hans Næse sig havde sat,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
I Myggens Strømpe et Hul som en Prik
han stoppede med de fineste Stik
for Vinen, for Vinen.

Den tredje løftede kjækt sin Naal,
i Væggen han stødte det blanke Staal,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen;
og gjennem Øjet han foer som et Lyn,
med egne Øjne jeg saa det Syn
ved Vinen, ved Vinen.

Og Værten sagde: Da ej med Digt
og Løgn I farer, jeg gjør min Pligt,
ved Rhinen, ved Rhinen.
Et Fingerbøl tog han, op til dets Rand
det fyldte og sa': "Nu drik med Forstand
af Vinen, af Vinen!"

Ved Bollen.

Mel.: Af Soldaterlöjer.

Mens Stormen tuder
paa Tag og Ruder,
kom lad os hilse paa de gamle Guder!
Vor Punsch er god nok,
den gi'er os Mod nok
til let at klare os foruden Tolk.
Men dog vi ikke,
saa fælt maa drikke,
at vi for Guderne skal staa og hikke;
nej, rigtig fromme
vi der maa komme,
for Guderne er vistnok fine Folk.

Dog Natten viger
og før vi stiger
op til de pæne, gamle Guders Riger,
vi ej forsømme
et Glas at tømme
for Jorden, den har ærlig det fortjent.
Lad andre klage,
den er en Plage,
vi finde dog vist ej saa let dens Mage;
dens Værd vi kjende,
mens det kan hænde,
at Kloden hist er ikke stort bevendt.

Vi alt begynde
os svært at skynde;
igjennem Taager ser jeg Bakkus Tønde!

Det lyser, blinker,
man drikker, klinker,
de Guder solde, saa det er en Gru!
med dem vi ikke
omkap kan drikke,
saa hvis i Nat paa Jord I ville ligge,
lad Rejsen fare,
ja, lad os bare
dog blive her ved Bollen lidt endnu.

En röd, röd Rose.

(*Robert Burns.*)

Min Elskte en rød, rød Rose er lig,
der i Juni udsprungen staar.
O min Elskte er som en sød Melodi,
der lifligt fra Strengene gaar.

Saa fager Du er, Du min yndige Skat,
saa fuld er af Elskov mit Sind,
jeg vil elske Dig evig, vil elske Dig til
hver Bølge og Sø tørrer ind;

til Bølger og Søer forsvinde, min Skat,
til Sollyset Fjeldene tøer,
i mit Hjerte, min Elskte, jeg bære Dig vil,
saalænge det slaar, til jeg døer.

Farvel nu min Elskte, min eneste Skat,
Farvel, thi nu skilles vi maa,
men jeg kommer igjen, om saa tusinde Mil
mellem mig og min Elskede laa.

Tænkerens Hode.

Det største paa denne Klode
er Tænkerens Hode.
Han tænker, regner og maaler;
hans skrevne Ord er Larver,
der gjemmer lysende Straaler,
Fremtiden arver.

De store Fremskridts Spor
begynder i Tænkerens Stue —
Skibets dampdrevne Skrue,
Millioner snurrende Hjul,
Lynets bundne Lue,
etcetera!
Det kommer vi aldrig fra:
Det, der vælter de store Læs,
er Tænkerens Tanke-Tue.

Hans Tænken har lettet vor Færden,
og kommer Hoben tilgode.
Tænk dig bare vor Verden —
uden Tænkerens Hode!

En trofast Ven.

(*Eugene Field.*)

En trofast Ven er sjælden, og dog
en trofast Ven er hver velvalgt Bog,
der har den Fordel, at naar den fører
Bevis imod Dig, Ingen det hører.

Den Fattige i Paradis.

(*Wrayburn.*)

En bitter kold Morgen en fattig Mand døde,
ved Himmerigs Porte kort efter gav Møde ;
til Peder, som stod der med Nøglen ved Bælte,
som Arving til Riget beskedent sig meldte.

Og som han nu staar der, med Helgenen taler,
sin Vandel, sin Paradisrejse udmaler,
da ser han en Rig, som fra Jorden han kjender,
i Himlen gaa ind, mens Sankt Peder sig vender.

Han lytter, de dejligste Toner han hører,
mens Englene Manden til Fredstronen fører.
Men da han selv kommer, skjøndt Salighed fylder
hans Sjæl, han dog mærker at Ingen ham hylder.

Da undrer den fattige Mand sig og beder ;
"Hvorledes er dette, forklar mig Sankt Peder,
min Nabo med Jubel man ærer og priser,
mens mig man ej mindste Opmærksomhed viser.

I Himlen, jeg troede, vi Alle var lige,
at her var ej Forskjel paa Fattig og Rige."
"Vist ej", svared' Peder, "heroppe vi vandre,
og leve i Broderskab smukt med hverandre.

Men ser Du, mens Fattigfolk dagligen hige,
og komme hertil, se vi sjelden de Rige,
naar derfor en saadan i Himlen ta'er Sæde,
Vorherre og alle hans Engle sig glæde."

Fritænker-Erklæring.

(Robert Ingersoll.)

Vi har ej falske Udsagn at forsvare —
Kjendsgjerninger vi fordrer bare.
Med frugtesløse Angreb ej vi ville
vor Kraft og Tanke spilde,
ej nogen Løgn vor Bistand yde,
lad Løgnen nok saa prægtigt lyde.

Sandhed vi vil, den simple, rene,
ej Idealet vil vi, — ene
det Virkelige søge og ransage,
og ses: af *det* kun Aske bli'r tilbage
vi bære vil vort Tab foruden Klage.

Godvilligt vi med Fabler ej vil næres;
nej, vore Hjerter skal i Alvor læres,
at selv det Værste, som os kan tilstøde,
vi kan med Mod og løftet Hoved møde.

Ej nogen Gud vi tjene eller frygte,
ej nære Ønsket om at kunne flygte,
den Dag vi døer,
bort fra et Helved og en Djævels Kløer.
I Fred for evigt kan vi Øjet lukke
i Søvnen evig fri for Drøm og Sukke.

Vi ingen Hersker har hernede,
ej nogen Luftens Konge vi tilbede;
foruden Lænker, Bønner lede
vi efter Sandhed, elsker Lys,
dog venter Nattens Komme uden Gys.

For et Maaske vi ikke vil os bøje,
ej prise Uforstaaeligt i Toner høje.
Naar Ondt os træffer, bandes ingen Herre,
ej heller takkes, at det ej var værre.

Naar Storm os slaar og Lynild rammer,
ej fra en Vredens Gud det stammer,
bagved de Kræfter, som os saadan naar,
ej Planer, Tanker eller Forsæt staar.

Vi Kjærligheds- og Venskabsbægret tømmer;
mens Blodet varmt i vore Aarer strømmer,
vi elsker, og vi haaber, drømmer,
at selv i Dødens mørke Nat
for os er der en Stjerne sat.

Som vi har Kløgt vi vandre frem og op
den rene Sti, der naar til Ærens Top:
at øve Retfærd og at søge Viden,
tiltrods for Gudelære, Præsters Striden.

Vi elsker Næsten, Ven og Barn og Viv,
er døv og blind for Aandeverd'nens Liv.
Vi rækker Haand til hver, som Sorger trykke,
saa fanger vi Velsignelse og Lykke.

Ved Kjærligheds og Venskabs rene Flamme,
ved Kunstens Underværker vi annamme
den Glæde for vor Hjerne og vort Hjerte,
der mægter dulme Sorg og Smerte.

Vi elsker ej Fantomer i det Høje,
men Kjød og Blod — et sjælfuldt Øje —
den røde Kind — *de* Engles Færden,
der ses og høres her i Verden.

Vi skatter mer den Haand, der Hjælp bereder
end Læberne, der Bønner beder,
os Kjærlighedens Stjerne leder
ej opad til et Skygge-Eden,
men til et Paradis herneden.

Ej trygle vi, ej sørge eller græde,
vi frygtløs ind bag Dødens Slør vil træde ;
vi drømmer, gjætter, ja — men hvor
af Viden ejer vi et Spor ?

Forgæves granskes dybt i alle Dele ;
vi spørger : "Hvor er Mest'ren for det Hele ?"
Men Ingen svarer, Ingen véd Besked — —
vi drømmer, gjætter, spørger, bliver ved :

"Er bag den tause Nat en evig Dag ?
Er Døden Døren ?" — — Denne Sag,
Mysteriet, af Ingen kjendt er — — —
vi haaber og vi venter.

Et Par Ungdomssange.

PENGE.

Mel.: Det Kalifornjen det er et Land.

Jeg holder nok af det røde Guld
og af Penge!
Helt ofte havde jeg Lommen fuld,
dog ej længe.
Hver Dollar, som i mit Eje kom,
smukt i Pungen
blev stukket, men før jeg saa mig om,
var den sprungen!

Naar jeg som Dreng et Par Skilling blot
selv fortjente,
jeg strax til Kager og Sukkergodt
flot dem spendte.
Min kloge Fa'r bad: "Aa, la' dem gro,
bære Rente!"
Men svært paa Lommen, jeg fik ej Ro,
de mig brændte.

Og saadan gaar det den Dag idag,
og saa længe
jeg lever, faar jeg vist aldrig Tag
i de Penge!
Men dog med Ho'det man sjeldent ser
mig at hænge;
dog stundom gad jeg nok ha' lidt fler'
af de Penge!

En anden Sag er det nu med Dig,
Du forstaar vist
langt bedre Penges Værdi, end jeg,
ja, Du naar vist,
om to, tre Aar, at ha' Penge i
Sparekassen!
Min Ven, for Folk som har dit Geni',
her er Pladsen!

SKAAL, DU!

Mel.; Judith var en riker enka.

Blod vi har vel ikke blandet
som var Skik i Hedenold;
dertil er man nu for dannet,
nu man ved et Sold,
under alskens Morskab
drikker Dus, og glemmer
næste Dag det Brorskab —
rigtigt! men jeg stemmer
dog for, at strax vi faar
paa denne Pagt en Taar!
Det tørre Brorskab tror
jeg ikke paa, min Bror!

EN HAT!

Min Hat er kaput! Ak, Skade,
at Alt forgaar!
Ej altid Digteren ha'de
saa trange Kaar.

Om mig sig Ungdommen flokker
med aabne Klør,
at rane fra Sang'rens Lokker
hans gamle Bør.
I Modeherrer, som bære
en pletfri Hat,
som sagtens mit Digt beære
med Titlen "Pjat!"
I hængte Jer heller selv og
sagde: Godnat!
end gaa med saadan en fæl og
gyselig Hat!
I Kjære med mange Penge,
forstaa mit Digt!
I lytted' til Harpens Strenge,
nu gjør Jer Pligt.

SLADDERVISE.

Mel.: Komme hvo som komme vil.

Rejste De fra Byer, hvor
Sladderlyst florerer,
til New York, fordi De tror,
her man ej generer
Folk med alt det Sladderi,
tror jeg De gjør bedre i
omgaas nogle ganske
faa døvstumme Danske.

Naar jeg bare nyser her,
i min egen Stue,

strax fortælles her og dér,
hvor jeg fik den Snue,
Og naar Slad'ren intet véd,
spinder Sladderfærdighed
letvindt Dem en Ende
om hvad der vil hænde.

Er et *Greenhorn* arrivért,
knapt det spurgt er blevet,
før man spørger ugenert:
"Hvad har han bedrevet?"
Og som oftest Svaret bli'er:
"Nævn det ej, men Rygtet si'er,
han skal ha' gjort slemme
gale Streger hjemme."

De skal bare vente lidt,
pas kun paa, min Kjære,
De faar ogsaa Deres Fedt,
her De snart vil lære,
har vi Folk, som hænger i
ufortrødent med at gi'
om en Ven og Næste
Krøniker tilbedste.

Sladder løber fælt omkring,
det maa De mig lade;
Sladder er en hæslig Ting,
Sladder bør man hade.
Derfor ber jeg hver en Stund
Gud bevare vil min Mund —
Fanden stod vist Fadder
til al Verdens Sladder!

Et Fragment.

Du Dydige, som i Principer fast er,
som kunde tjene Andre til et Spejl,
som kjender ej til Lidenskab og Laster,
men ynkes, græder over Næstens Fejl,
som gjennem Fristelsernes Brænding haster,
og løber let og stolt for fulde Sejl
forbi de revlede, de fule Kyster,
hvor Bølgegangen slaar med vilde Lyster,

vær glad, hvis Du kan staa imod og lukke
din Dør til Spot for hver en Fristers Magt;
maaske en Faders Raad, en Moders Sukke
blev Dig til Støtte og til Frelse bragt;
maaske alt ved din faldne Broders Vugge
kun Synd og haarde Hjerter stod paa Vagt;
paa vildfar Vej fra Vuggen og til Graven —
Du over Synderen ej bryde Staven.

Maaske Du aldrig mødte nogen Hindring;
maaske Du aldrig havde nogen Strid;
maaske for Sorgen fandt Du hurtig Lindring,
og Verden hædred', lønnede Din Flid;
maaske ej nogen kvalfuld, mørk Erindring
forfulgte Dig, forstyrrende Din Id.
Den sejrer let, som Lykken bær paa Hænder;
ej Slukning trænges der, hvor intet brænder.

De tolv Diakonisser.

Fremsagt ved en Fest i det norske Diakonissehjem og Hospital i Brooklyn, N. Y. Juleaften 1899.

I gamle Dage var der visse
velkjendte Folk, der troede Julens Nisse
let mægted bringe Held i Huset.
Naar blot han fik sin Julegrød,
fandt Mad i Skabet, Most i Kruset
da led man sikkert ingen Nød.
Ja, selv for Sygdom Folket troede,
at de blev hjulpne, var de gode
imod den lille Nisse.
Og derfor tidt i Sal og Stue,
naar Alt var pudset op
paa Juleaften, man i Træets Top
saa Nissen knejse med sin spidse,
sin røde Hue.

Længst Overtroens Nisse gik sin Vej,
Du ser ham ikke mer', ej heller jeg.
Men nu en anden Nisse kjender vi,
ej sprungen ud af Folkets Fantasi,
men født af Kjærlighed
og fostret ved
den Mildhed mod sin Næste,
som først fik rigtig Fæste
den Julenat, da Budet kom:
Guds Fred paa Jorden viden om!

Og I, som huses her i denne Stue,
I gjætter jo tilvisse,
den Nisse, det er hende,
der bær den hvide Hue,
den gode Kvinde
kjendt under Navn: *Diakonisse.*
Og I, som her er i den Nissses Vold,
I kjender ikke én, men hele 12!
I véd og, hvad de Tolv kan magte
med Hjælp og Trøst for de Forsagte.

Vi skrøbelige, halte, syge,
opdager let en kjærlig Aand,
en nænsom Haand.
Og som vi nu med myge,
takfyldte Hjærter
har Øjet fæstet paa det skønne Træ,
der straaler her med tændte Kjærter —
mens gamle dyrebare Minder,
som Hjærtet længst gav Ly og Læ,
iaften stiger frem,
et Ønske bringer vi for dette Hjem,
for Søstrene, de tolv trofaste Kvinder,
der satte Livet ind:
med Kristensind
at lindre Nød og Smerte, hjælpe Næsten.
At mindes dem, det hører med til Festen:
Velsignelse og Fred med dem!
Velsignelse og Fred med dette Hjem!

O vrede Poet!

(*Alfred Tennyson.*)

I Anledning af et Brev.

Idag — nu netop som Aaret er endt,
et hadefuldt Brev han sender ;
den Hyldest jeg faar, *hans* Vers har fortjent,
hvorledes man saa det vender.

O vrede Poet ! Er *det* da saa drøjt,
at ej man dig skatter tilfulde ?
Min Digtning og din jeg regner ej højt —
jeg hører Tiderne rulle !

Blegner ej Ry som et faldet Blad ?
Har *min* Sang lidt stærkere Kræfter
end din, da vent, brænd ikke af Had,
til Glemsel jeg snart følger efter.

Gaar det ej Ry som et vissent Blad ?
Det varer ej meget længer ;
et gulnet Blad dog et grønt sér med Had ;
lidt længer paa Træet det hænger.

"*Han* større end *jeg!*" det grunder Du paa,
det er *det*, Du ej taaler at høre.
Men *er* det nu saa, Du maa jo forstaa,
at derved er intet gjøre.

Kort varer Livet som Sommerens Blad !
Nu Vintergrønt rundt om mig hænger ;
som friskeste Blad mit Hjerte er glad,
for Splid og for Nid jeg det stænger.

De Rige og de Fattige.

(*Boylan.*)

Den Rige for Rigdoms Skyld bliver tidt
misundt og forhadt ;
for Fattigdoms Skyld den Fattige tidt
staar haanet, forladt.

Fattigdom si'er man er ikke en Synd,
dog nægtes ej kan,
man hængte for Fattigdoms Skyld en Gang
den fattige Mand.*)

"Rigdom er Magt!" ja vist er den saa !
dog magtløs, naar træt
af Pengeaaget dets Offer staar op
og kræver sin Ret.

Magtløs var Rigdom i Frihedens Kamp
i Frankrigs Land ;
magtløs den stod hver Gang der blev tændt
en Frihedens Brand.

For Fattigdoms Skyld ingen læng're døer
paa Kongernes Bud ;
men Fattigdom sletter fra Levendes Tal
Tusinder ud.

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*) "Under Henrik VIII blev 7000 Mennesker brændemærkede og hængte, fordi de var fattige." Pastor F. M. Sprague's "Socialism from Genesis to Revelation." Side 36.

Rigdom paa Rente er Fattigmands Død;
skjønt oplyst vor Tid,
Usselhed bydes dog ofte som Løn
for Arbejd' og Slid.

Den Arbejder plejed' klage sin Nød
ved Rigmands Dør;
Himlen vær' takket, han véd nu Besked
bedre end før.

Om Ven eller Uven blandt Rige han har,
hans Tanke ej naar;
men levende Had og Afsky han har
for Fattighus Kaar.

Han vil at de Rige kun skal forstaa,
med Løn, som fortjent,
blev Arbejdsmandens tidt knugende Kaar
til Velstand vendt.

Stjerner og Sjæle.

(*Field.*)

Ved Dagens Lys ej Stjerner staar tilskue,
men dog Du ved, de staar paa Himlens Bue.
Før i dit Øje slukkes Livets Lue,
de Dødes Sjæle kan Du ikke skue.

Taras Harpe.

(*Fra Tom Moore's "Irish Melodies."*)

Den Harpe, som med sjælfuld Klang
i Taras Hal tidt lød,
paa Væg tyst hænger Dagen lang,
som om dens Sjæl var død.
Saa slumrer fordums Storheds Trang,
og Ærens Glans er glemt;
de Sjæle, som til Ros sig svang,
til Flugt ej mer er stemt.

I Hallen før blev Stævne sat,
naar Taras Harpe lød;
den Streng, der brister nu ved Nat,
bebuder Savn og Død.
Saa har til Livstegn Frihed nu
et Suk kun, hver Gang at
i Frihedsiver, harm i Hu,
et Hjerte brister brat.

I Kirken.

(*Carlton.*)

Imod din Stemmes Magt jeg ved ej Raad.
Saa snart den løfter sig i Koret,
min Sjæl, som en fortryllet Baad,
med din ved Roret,
henglider som paa sølverklare Vover
bort i en Drøm,
saa viljeløs som Svanen, naar den sover
paa Flodens Strøm.

Amerikansk Lune.

(*Hentet her og der.*)

VERDENS GANG.

Der digtes tidt om den lille Viol,
ja selv om den hollandske Svibel ;
som fagreste Blomst under Herrens Sol
staar Liljen nævnt i vor Bibel —
Men Kaalhodet ofres aldrig en Sang ;
det er Verdens Gang !

Kaalhodet staar med sit blanke Blad
duftløs derude i Luften ;
stik det ned i et kogende Bad,
hvor sød er ej Kaalbladets Duften?
Men Kaalhodet ofres aldrig en Sang ;
det er Verdens Gang !

Saa lækkert er Hodet paa Slikaspars,
men Kaalhodet og kan forvandles
til Lækkerbidsken, naar fyldt med Fars
paa rigtig Manér det behandles —
Men Kaalhodet ofres aldrig en Sang ;
det er Verdens Gang.

Kaalhodet sikkert et Hode har
større end største Blomsts Krone ;
dets Blade nydes som Mad og Cigar,
en Glæde for Mand og for Kone —
Men Kaalhodet ofres aldrig en Sang ;
det er Verdens Gang !

Trøst dig derfor, min ærlige Ven,
om Digterne ogsaa Dig glemme ;
at ubemærket dit Liv gaar hen,
bør aldrig i Livet Dig græmme —
Husk : Kaalhodet ofres aldrig en Sang ;
det er Verdens Gang !

BORGERMESTER JENKS.

Bill Jenks var Borgermester her
i tyve Aar omtrent ;
at han skal males — vel fortjent !
Bill var vor bedste May'r.
Vel kunde han ej stave
hvert Ord der forefaldt,
og mange af hans brave
Medborg're har fortalt,
han tro'de Washington var med,
da det kneb ved Santiago,
at C'lumbus levede et Sted
oppe nær Chicago.
At Jonas slugte Hvalen
ham syntes ligefrem,
var om de Ti Bud Talen
han sa', der var kun fem !
Men naar det gjaldt om Heste—Tak!
var der Ingen, som ham stak !
I Spil han var Professor,
ja, hver Gang han ga' Kort,
sad han med alle Esser !

Men og i anden Sport
var han en herlig Dommer!
Og derfor, som befalt,
vi tømmer vore Lommer—
saa Jenks kan blive malt!

VINDEN OG HVEDEN.

"Den Ting har undret mig saa ofte
hvorfor paa denne Tid du maa
istedetfor din grønne Kofte
bestandig trække i en graa!"

Saaledes Vinden forleden
Tiltalte Hveden.

"At nu jeg ikke bær den grønne,
det burde En som Du dog skønne!
Saa snart jeg mærker, at jeg maa
til Møllen, ta'er jeg paa den graa—
I Landet, véd Du, blev der Nød,
hjalp jeg ej med at lave Brød."

Saadan fik Vinden forleden
Besked af Hveden.

VEJRPROFETEN.

Det er ej saa længe siden
jeg saa frem i Tiden,
og i Helvede
ned jeg kiggede og skælvede;
thi for mine Øjne
stedt i grulig Pine,

dømt for alle sine
fæle Løgne
stukket ud paa Helligdage som paa Søgne,
Vejrprofeten svedte paa en Rist,
Lønnen, som han fik tilsidst,
for sit hele Livs Besvær:
Hen i Vind og Vejr
spaaende om Vejr og Vind
Aaret ud og ind.

I den store Ild
som en ristet Sild
laa han paa de røde Kul,
strakt paa Fandens Gulv;
og mens fra hans Pandeskal
som et lille Fossefald
Sveden af ham piskede,
hørte jeg han hviskede:
"Jeg vil la' Jer vide,
I som lide,
I som svede
her i denne Helveds Hede,
vi faar Regn — — maaske
ogsaa Frost og Sne
i det næste Døgn."
— Det forstaar sig, det blev Løgn!

MONOPOLISTENS NYTAARSÖNSKE.

Her sidder jeg lunt inden Dør
i min Lænestol,

min Bug ej slunken, min Hals ej tør,
og ønsker mig slet ikke andet,
end at jeg ejed' al Landet,
der rækker fra Pol til Pol.
Ja bare jeg ejed' al Landet,
Jeg skjænked' Jer andre Vandet.

Vandet? Ja der er Atlanten!
Den Strækning vilde minsandten
dog være et smukt Stykke Land,
hvis læns det blev pumpet for Vand.
Faar jeg bare Retten til Jorden
helt nede fra Syden til Norden,
godt Syv Tusind Mil — Diameter!
kan I ha' de andre Planeter.

Alene Jupiter, Kjære,
er en ganske alvorlig Affære.
Ja ejed' vi bare den hele Jord,
jeg og min Hustru Sara,
jeg skjænkede fattige Folk, jeg tror,
den hele Ørken Sahara.

At eje Jorden var et Problem
jeg alt studered' i Skolen.
Jeg ønsker kun eje den til jeg dør,
naar hisset jeg saa kan faa som Dusør
hele det store Himmelsystem,
Stjernerne, Maanen og Solen.

DE GODE FORSÆTTERS ALMANAK.

Peter sa', idet han stak
op paa Væg sin Almanak:

" Aldrig mer ' et Glas jeg ta'er
nu fra 1ste
Januar.
Men han vakler, før han har
naa't den sidste
Februar.
Tidt hos Müller, Grütskopf, Schwarts
ta'er han sig en Snaps i
Marts.
Og saa gaar det uden Hvil—
Støv i Halsen gi'r
April.
Kommen rigtig paa Galej
standse kan han ej i
Maj.
Og skjønt Luften kun er lun i
Som'rens skjønne Maaned
Juni.
fugtes maa han, til han gul i
Fjæset vandrer ind i
Juli.
Ræd han bli'r og tager just
et par Øller i
August.
Men den smager ej den Dæmper
stærkt han snapser i
September,
til hans Næse som Zinnober
skinner langt ind i
Oktober.

Med lidt mindre han sig lemper
gjennem Maaneden

November;

mindre, mindre — saa han kjæmper
til den sidste i

December;

saa igjen: "Nu ej en Taar
rør jeg i det næste Aar."

VUGGEVISE.

Sov, lille Baby, din Moder er væk,
borte til Møder tre Aftner i Træk,
ude og hjemme Fa'ers Buxer hun bær,
sov, lille Baby, din Fader er her.

HUN VENTEDE.

De boede i Brooklyn og skulde ud
til en Ven i New York til Gjæstebud.
"Jeg gaar," sa' hun, "en Smule forud,
titter ind til et Par Bekjendte."
"Ja gaa," sa' han, "saa klær jeg mig paa;
før Du til Færgen jeg sagtens kan naa,
dog lad mig blot ikke i Timevis staa
dernede alene og vente."

Strax hun var borte, foer han omkring
i alle Stuer med lette Spring,
og kvikt sit Tøj, de fineste Ting,
han ind i Stadsstuen hentede.
Paa Lænestolen Frakken blev slængt,
paa Kakkelovnsrøret Buxerne hængt,
Strømperne fik han paa Vrangen vrængt—
Og ved Færgen hans Kone ventede.

Sit Ansigt hurtig han sæbede ind,
og Kniven fløj, saa han skar sin Kind,
Blodet løb, skjøndt han plastred sit Skind,
ja ned paa hans Linned rendte det.
Naa Herregud, med en Rift han slap,
nu gjaldt det bare at være rap,
da pludselig sprang en Skjorteknap —
Og ved Færgen hans Kone ventede.

Han selv vilde sy den paa, men stak
Naalen i Fingren saa dybt, at den knak,
kun lidet hjalp ham hans Vé og Ak,
i Fingren smerted' og brændte det.
En anden Skjorte tilsidst han fandt,
om Halsen sit Slips han bandt og bandt,
indtil det endelig hans Bifald vandt —
Og ved Færgen hans Kone ventede.

Saa ledte han efter sin Silkehat,
med Skobørsten strøg den blank og glat,
sin Kones Cologne fik han saa fat,

og stænked' sig til, og saa hændte det
at endelig ud af Huset det bar;
men saa skulde han jo ha' en Cigar,
og med et Par Venner en Passiar —
Og ved Færgen hans Kone ventede.

Og Færgebaadene gik og kom,
mens efter sin Halvdel hun saa sig om.
Hun kunde jo gaaet, men var saa from
og kjærlig, at ikke hun nænte det.
Hvor længe hun sad der er ikke bekjendt,
men rundt i Byen var Lamperne tændt,
ja Dagen og Aftenen med var endt,
da endnu hun sad der og ventede.

DET SLOG TIL!

Han vejed ungefær
Trehundred' gode Pund.
Hans Kone sa'e: Du bli'r for svær!
og saa begyndte hun
at bede og at trygle:
"Du kunde faa en slank Figur,
i Vægt Du snart faldt a',
hvis Du hver Dag Dig tog en Tur
paa Cykle."
Paa Cyklen han sig satte da,
ja nok saa strunk og vigtig,

og fandt da ganske rigtig —
bestandig faldt han a' !

MOSKITEN.

O hør Du lille Sanger fin,
hvis Sang af ingen Violin
selv ej af nogen Zitherstreng
er blevet efterlignet,
som, hvergang Sommerdagen dør
og Natten kommer med sit Slør,
omsvæver syngende vor Seng,
Dig ingen har velsignet.

Dog kan Du stikke Alle, som
med Sang vandt Laurbær Verden om,
at nærme Dig en Jenny Lind,
jeg véd Du selv vil vove.
O Sanger ! hvor jeg havde Lyst,
at knuge fast Dig til mit Bryst !
saa bored' Du ej mer' mit Skind,
og jeg fik Lov at sove.

O sylfelette Hjertenskjær,
som snart er her og snart er der,
jeg kjæmper mod Dig, véd dog at
forgjæves er al Fægtning.
Husk dog vi staa hinanden nær,
det er mit Blod, Du i Dig bær !
Jeg derfor har Dig kjær, min Skat —
kjær, som en fattig Slægtning.

O lille grusomme Moskit,
Du blodopammede Bandit,
som, mens vi sover allerbedst,
snigmorderisk os stikker,
for med de fine Dolkestød
at vise Søvn ej ligner Død,
fuldend din kanibalske Fest,
stik, drik indtil Du ligger!

ET FALD.

Det var alle en velkjendt Sag,
Bankkassereren i Snatter-Nag
var af en meget fornem Slægt,
hans Ja og Nej af største Vægt.

Bankkassereren i Snatter-Nag
gav sig med Smaafolk ej i Lag.
Fra Fødslen af det var ham givet
at holde dem pænt tre Skridt fra Livet.

Bankkassereren i Snatter-Nag
spejled' sig altid med Velbehag,
gik han paa Gaden var Næsen sat
i Vejret under hans Silkehat.

Bankkassereren i Snatter-Nag
begik et Fejltrin, faldt en Dag;
for En, der Hodet bar saa højt,
var det, forstaar sig, meget drøjt.

Bankkassereren i Snatter-Nag
aldrig overvandt dette Slag.

Højt lo Smaafolk, som saa hans Fald,
Grunden var en — Bananaskal.

FOR 40 AAR SIDEN.

Vi klavred'.og naade Toppen af Højen,
min Kitty og jeg, vi To,
og Skibene kom og Maaneskin bygged'
paa Vandet sin gyldne Bro.
Og højt paa Dyssen af mosgro'de Stene,
hvor Vinden legede frit,
jeg sad med Armen om Livet paa Kitty,
og hun med Armen om mit.

Og Bølgerne dansed' i Maaneskinnet,
med Guld var Stranden belagt,
og medens vi stille, henrykte skued
paa al den straalende Pragt,
og hun min Elskede fæstede Blikket
paa mig huldsaligt og blidt,
jeg sad med Armen om Livet paa Kitty,
og hun med Armen om mit.

Det var igaar Nat, vi kjørte til Højen,
hvor en Gang vi sad, vi To,
vel to Snese Aar har vi vandret siden
tilsammen ad Livets Bro.
Men endnu vi elsker saa højt hinanden
som dengang — vi mindes det tidt —
jeg sad med Armen om Livet paa Kitty,
og hun med Armen om mit.

Den gamle Stendysse staar end paa Højen,
vi kjørte derop i Nat;
det er jo ikke saa nemt med den Klavren,
har Ald'ren sit Mærke sat —
tolv Tommer min Viv er tykk're om Livet,
mit Maal en halv Gang saa vidt.
Ej mer gaar min Arm om Livet paa Kitty,
og hendes ej mer om mit.

STAA OP!

Jeg gad synge en Sang for En der er her,
for En som en Sang er værd.
Se dér har vi jo vor Millionær!
Staa op!

Ja, Du er en hel Del værd!
Men mens Du din Formue rask har skabt,
Du din Sjæl paa Vejen har tabt.
Sid ned!

Se dér er vor Vismand med lutter gode
Sager gjemt i sit Ho'de!
Staa op!

Ja, Du har jo Tanker fra allevegne,
men da Du aldrig har tænkt dine egne,
er dét kun for lidt at regne.
Sid ned!

Ah, dér er vor store Kunstner, vor Ven!
Staa op!

Med Mejsel, Pensel og Pen
har Du vist alt Skjønt din Sjæl har drømt,
men Livets Alvor har Du forsømt,
fra dets haarde Kamp er Du rømt.
Sid ned !

Hør, hvem er den gamle Kvinde dér ?
Er hun ikke kjendt af Nogen her ?
Hun ejer ej Visdom, ejer ej Guld,
af Kjærlighed har hun dog Barmen fuld,
for Andres Vel har hun slidt og stridt
og glemte altid sig selv og sit —
men nu skal hun frem ! Ja, nu skal hun frem !
Madam ! Min Sang skal lyde for Dem !
Staa op !

Grundlovssang.

Mel.: I vor Barndom vi hörte.

I vor Hjemstavn og under vort Fædrelands Flag,
i vor Ungdom vi fejrede Grundlovens Dag,
medens her længst der lued' en Frihedens Sol,
som bar Lys over Jorden fra Pol og til Pol.
Dog der hjemme først Lærdom om Frihed vi fik,
da tog Tankerne Flugt og de aabned' vort Blik ;
derfor Friheden her i sin højeste Glans
ikke blænder vort Øje, men leder vor Sans.
Hjemme lærte vi Gaven at skatte,
stævned' hid ej i trælbunden Stand,
kjendte Løsnet, den Dag da vi satte
over Havet til Frihedens Land.
Hvad derhjemme vi nemmed i Skolen
her er modnet, og skjøndt vi er Faa,
løfte kan vi vort Flag højt mod Solen,
naar i Rad med de Store vi staa.
Danmark, det vi skylder dig,
ledet har Du først vor Vej !
Gamle Danmark, vor Moder, vi glemmer Dig ej !
Dig til Ære vi idag.
samles her i Broderlag.
Hil dig, Danmark, og hil dig, vort ældgamle Flag !

Det danske Brodersamfund i Amerika.

Mel.: Der er et Land.

Dengang vi danske Mænd drog bort fra Hjemmet,
vi med os tog en prægtig Billedbog.
Dens Skjønhed fattes ej af nogen Fremmed ;
thi Texten lyder i vort danske Sprog.
Og Længsels Tanker Bladene tidt vendte,
og skjønnere det Skjønne syntes nu,
og mer' forklaret stod det gamle, kjendte,
hvergang vor Tanke bragte det i Hu.

Og denne Kjærlighed det var, som vakte
vor Lyst at samles her i fremmed Land,
og i en Højtidsstund en Skare rakte
hinanden Haand, og Løfte gav hver Mand :
I Nød, i Død hver Broders Sag at værne,
i Sorg og Glæde trofast holde Vagt ;
og Broderkjærligheden som en Stjerne
har lyst og lyser over denne Pagt.

Det danske Brodersamfund Kræfter ejer,
og Bøgen lig slaar Rod hvorhen det naar.
Den røde Dug og Stjerneflaget vajer
i Kredsen som vi danske Brødre slaar.
Ej Svig, ej Troløshed vort Navn skal plette ;
vor Pagt er : Daad foruden mange Ord ;
vort Vagtraab lyder klart, og det er dette :
Husk Bro'r, vi fostret blev af samme Mo'r !

I fremmed Land.

Naar i solklar Vaar
paa fremmed Strandbred Du staar
og sender dit Blik over Havets Spejl,
og Skibene skuer med Damp og Sejl
ta'e Kursen ud mod det Fjerne —
sig, fyldes da ikke stundom dit Bryst
med en Higen, en underlig flyvende Lyst ?
— Paa Rejsen Du fulgte dem gjerne !
Og ta'er dine Tanker saa Farten med dem,
imens i det Fjerne de svinder,
da trylles, da stiger der sikkerlig frem
for dit indre Øje dit Bardomshjem
med alle dets lysende Minder.

Saa og naar dit Øre fanger en Sang
med kjendte Toner, med fædrelandsk Klang,
stærkt drages Du atter mod Hjemmet ;
thi selv om Du blev her i hundrede Aar,
om Landets Sprog helt vel Du forstaar,
Du bliver dog her kun en Fremmed.

Javist, jeg ved at i mangen Stund
har en Stemme Dig sagt, at paa Hjertets Bund
der ligger et stort, et Kjærligheds Fond,
som, selv om det bruges med gavmild Haand,
kan aldrig udtømmes, mens Aarene gaa,
som tilhører Landet, hvor Lyset Du saa,
hvor — om dit Hjertes Stemme Du lød,
Du helst gad komme
og lægge, som Barn i Moderens Skød,
dit Hoved ned, naar Livet er omme.

748702

SONGS AND POEMS.

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To Her Majesty

Queen Alexandra.

If you by chance should come to look
Into this little book
And 'mong its songs, tho' not as sweet nor strong
As when you heard them in your native tongue,
Your Majesty should find
A few that will remind
You of your childhood-days
And of the land you still hold dear,
If you should find the Danish lays,
Turned into English verses here,
Breathe forth a fragrance which betrays
The soil on which they grew,
I think you graciously will pardon me,
That I permit myself the liberty
To dedicate these songs to you,
Queen Alexandra.

New York 1903.

My Fatherland!

(From the Danish of Jens Baggesen.)

O nowhere else so red the rose's hue,
And nowhere else the thorns so small and few!
O nowhere else are downs so soft as those
On which our sinless childhood found repose.

On the Atlantic.

(*From the Danish of Holger Drachmann.*)

All night long we've been a-rolling,
To the rocking sea no check,
Would we stood on four controlling
Balance like our cat on deck.
Sunbeams laugh and clouds are weeping,
Showers beat the ocean's flanks,
While our stanch ship, onward sweeping,
Nears New Foundland's foggy banks.
Fog, our dreaded foe's before us,
On the bridge our friend guards o'er us!
Luck be with him on the main,
Outward, homeward, out again!

O sublime intoxication!
Ever drinking, as it were,
With each breath a deep potation
Of the pure and salty air.
Purpose strengthen'd, loads are shifted
From your soul, the path lies free,
While, as with a bounce, you're lifted
And sent flying 'cross the sea.
Joy to be on deck here, mocking
Billows' everlasting rocking,
Up and down by night and day,
Forward, onward and away!

Forward, onward—yes, so be it !
From the old world goes our flight
To the new world, long to see it
With its newness rise to sight.
When at home, the dances weaving,
Carefully we stept and slow,
Here, where waves are boldly heaving
Minuet-like to and fro,
Notes, soul-stirring, come to meet us ;
Neptune, with his fork, to greet us
From the depth lifts up his voice :
"Hurry up! No slouching, boys !"

But the day is near at hand now
When our merry trip is done ;
Cast for roads unknown we land now
And another trip's begun.
Ocean swells, our wishes heeding,
Speed us on the flag to hail,
Flag that never is misleading,
Tho' some hopeful ones may fail.
Freedom over us forever,
Smallness shall possess us never !
Forward, onward evermore !
Homeward—maybe nevermore !

Murad.

(*After the Danish of Chr. Winther.*)

Deep in the quiet forest,
  Beneath whose leafy roof
The stag is lightly sweeping
  The greensward with his hoof,
A hunter's house stands ivy-clad,
  But o'er the door appear
Among the dark green foliage
  The antlers of a deer.

The murmur of the breezes
  Fills the air with slumb'rous sound,
That mingles with the baying
  Of a far off, chasing hound;
And, while the fawn goes grazing
  Where dainty blossoms throng,
The cuckoo in the thicket
  Repeats his lonesome song.

Within the house a maiden sits,
  As still as in a dream,
Her cheek has lost its roses
  And tears adown it stream.
Before her feet, in slumber lies
  A dog stretched at his length,
As tawny as a lion,
  Of wondrous build and strength.

Beside him stands a hunter,
  A dark, a handsome swain,

Around his lip there lingers
A smile of deep disdain,
He nears the girl and, pleading,
She lifts her tearfilled eyes
As, panting from his bosom,
His threat'ning words arise.

But soon as he approaches
To whisper in her ear,
His head the mastiff raises
And, watching him, moves near,
Regarding him so closely,
As if full well he wist
What misery 'tween woman
And man there may exist.

"I care not for your sorrow;
Don't weep and wring your hands!
Your tears no more can touch me;
Revenge my heart demands!
The love I humbly offered
Has turned to bitter hate,
To-day we part forever,
But your lover shares my fate.

"Your meek blue eye is thrilling,
Is filling me with pain,
For him its pleading glances,
But they plead for him in vain.
I'll tame that noble falcon,
Ere night his wings I'll clip!
He never more shall drink the dew
From off your rosy lip.

"This very day he wanders
The same dark road as I ;
Our fates are linked together ;
Together will we die.
So help me the Almighty !
He never more turns back,
The dog that he has given you
Shall lead me on his track."

He kicked the dog and called him,
Then hastened down the glade,
While threat'ningly the mastiff
His glitt'ring teeth displayed.
As pale as death the maiden
Sank speechless in the chair,
The shriek within her bosom
Was stifled by despair.

Then rose the powerful mastiff,
And, looking at the maid,
Down on her lap so fondly
His massive head he laid;
From inmost heart he breath'd a sigh,
So sorrowful and deep,
As if he meant to ask her :
"O wherefore do you weep?"

His large black eyes were resting
On hers so mild and blue,
Inquiringly and sadly :
"What would you have me do?"

Then up she rose and whispered :
"By Murad will I try
To warn him and to save him,
If not, with him I die."

A warning letter written,
With trembling hands in haste
Beneath the mastiff's collar
The little note she placed,
Then stroked his head and uttered
A word that well he knew,
And, gambolling, he left her
And soon was lost to view.

A little hill arises
By the pathway in the wood,
There, leaning 'gainst a linden,
The gloomy hunter stood.
With one hand on his rifle,
The other on his breast,
He stood as still and silent
As were his soul at rest.

His face as white as marble,
In the forest's dim-lit gloom
He looked as if he stood there
A statue on a tomb.
But storm was in his bosom,
Dark pictures of his fate
Arose and passed before him
And fed his burning hate.

With eager passion drained he
A cup of bitter pain,
As there he stood repeating
His love had been in vain,
That vanished was forever
His best and brightest dream,
That from incessant longing
Could nought his soul redeem.

Then footsteps broke the stillness;
A change passed o'er his face;
Adown the narrow pathway came
A youth with quick'ning pace;
He hailed the warbling songsters
As fast he sped them by,
Then halted he, the woodland
Resounded with a cry,

A cry so wild and threat'ning
The youth looked up with dread,
An eye met his, a rifle gleamed
And pointed at his head.
Before him, still and aiming,
To sate his fierce desire,
The death-pale swain stood ling'ring
The fatal shot to fire.

One moment must he tarry,
To gloat upon his prey,
When, lo! as swift as lightning,
The danger passed away.

Out from the thicket, lion-like,
With one terrific bound,
The mastiff sprang upon him
And hurled him to the ground.

The ball flew whizzing skyward!
The dog his hold let go;
Up leapt the swain, bewildered,
And neared his awe-struck foe,
Then flung away his rifle,
Cast his dagger in the air,
And vanished in the thicket
With a cry of wild despair.

With thanks to Heaven in silence
The youth went to his love,
His trusty dog before him,
The singing birds above.
In tears he found his sweetheart,
But soon, in sorrow's place,
Peace, hope and love came spreading
Their sunshine o'er her face.

As guard before them Murad
Sat quiet, and aware
That he was not intruding
He watched the loving pair,
His eyes so bright and beamy,
As if full well he wist
What happiness 'tween woman
And man there may exist.

American Flag Song.

Let wave our starry flag!
Long wave our starry flag!
The flag for which we claim :
Not to blood it owes its fame!
Beneath that flag we dwell
And we love that flag so well,
When far away from home we see
It wave, our bosoms swell.
It tells, that true equality
Can raise no hemming bars,
That Freedom's dome can never be
Aught else but skies and stars.
Flag, beautiful and true!
Three ringing cheers for you!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Leif and Magnus.

Under the command of Capt. Magnus Andersen the Norwegian Viking-ship, now in Chicago, arrived at New York June 19th 1893. The next day these verses appeared in "The Sun". *)

Norseman Leif was a sailor of nerve,
From a task begun he never would swerve;
Half of his days on the waves were spent,
And westward, westward his course was bent.
On shore that rover was never at rest,
For he seemed to know that far in the west
Was land to be found;
And to find it and reach it Leif was bound.

And many doubted, jeered and laughed,
But little he cared how they laughed and jeered,
Leif set out with his quaint-built craft
And westward, ever westward he steered.
'Twas thus he sailed a month or two,
When all of a sudden there came to view
The land which now to Freedom belongs,
And in time will straighten the Old World's wrongs.

Norseman Magnus, a sailor of nerve,
From a task once begun will never swerve.
When the "Viking" was building he pondered and thought:
"Whatever a Leif undertook and wrought
A Magnus can do as well, I guess;
Let's try if Norsemen to-day have less

*) Several of the poems in this collection have at various times appeared in "The Sun", "The Brooklyn Eagle", "The Independent" and other American papers.

Of courage than had the Norsemen of yore;
Come, Viking, we'll reach America's shore!''

And many doubted, jeered and laughed,
When off he went in his quaint-built craft.
But Magnus smiled and cared not a fig,
For he knew the boat and could handle her rig.
The Viking danced like a gay young girl,
Her fine curved bosom adorned with spray;
She crossed with many a twist and twirl,
And so to America found her way.

Three cheers for the Norsemen who reach our shore,
As their forefathers did in the days of yore!
Three cheers for Magnus, that sailor bold,
Who crossed the ocean like Leif of old.

New York.

AN APOTHEOSIS.

(*From the Danish of Holger Drachmann.*)

No matter what you may have seen before,
Beholding her, she stirs you to the core!
At sight of her the tradesman's fancy soars,
While she exhausts the poet's metaphors.
The Alpine peaks—Napoleon's crypt—aye Rome!
With all its splendor 'neath St. Peter's dome—
The great Manhattan overshadows all!
If songs like Holy Writ's came at our call
Condensed, and we could pile them to the sky,
O then, with one gigantic sweep, we might
This giant city place before your eye.

Here rolls eternal thunder day and night,
By full steam busy throngs along are hurled;
Here brains and wills are crossing left and right,
With traits of every nation in the world.
But you have gathered them, you mighty queen,
As in a sanctuary, where they might,
Alike, for all men's weal, as one unite.
Hence, at the threshold of your port is seen
The lofty Goddess with her torch in hand,
To flood with Liberty's blest light this land,
Where each has even chance his way to fight,
Where every man is every woman's knight.

Great city, world, arisen from the sea
Untrammeled, free, to toil now closely wed,
The living present only counts with thee,
The long-ago lies buried with its dead.
Around thee youth in all its vigor stands,
While life hangs heavy on the old world's hands;
'Neath burdens of the past it groans, despairs,
To futures full of hopes your sons are heirs!
Look, where you may, your eye with progress meets,
With rows of palaces on squares and streets,
So lofty that the church-spire vainly tries
To be the nearest neighbor to the skies.

Proud Queen of Labor! Great Metropolis!
A stranger, I will sing thy praise, and this
My song shall echo thro' the northern lands.
What thou art to the hosts of toiling hands
Who to thy daring, wondrous plans give birth,
Thou richest bounty-giver found on earth—
To do thee justice, queen, my voice would fail.
Thy fame with longings prompted me to sail
Across the sea, and joyfully I went.
Strength is thy beauty! Power an ornament
That fits thy beauty well! Thy praise I've sung
To pay thee homage in my Danish tongue—
All hail, great queen with stars and stripes unfurled!
Manhattan! Radiant jewel of the world!

Thorwaldsen.

(*After the Danish of Erik Bøgh.*)

Recited at the unveiling of Thorwaldsen's Statue in Central Park, New York, November 20, 1894.

Where roses crown the Quirinal in Rome
A statue stands which every Roman knows :
A modest layman in his working-blouse,
A chisel and a mallet in his hands.
But if a stranger asks what work he did,
Then every cicerone there will tell,
That when the Nineteenth Century was born
He raised from dumb neglect the ancient art
By which long since the Grecian masters ruled,
That when he lifted up his magic wand
Olympus' gates swung open to his gaze,
That from his simple work-shop, year by year,
A glorious train of gods and heroes marched,
That, scorning what a petty taste desired,
The forms which from his hand and chisel sprang
Were grand and lofty, noble and inspired.

A host of benefactors to the world
At his command were called out from their graves.
Immortal witness of immortal art,
In church and palace-hall, in every land,
To-day their images in marble stand.
What wonder kings and princes vied to pay
Him homage, and what wonder was it he
Was never dazzled by their splendor, pomp and power,
Whose soul at birth was filled with heavenly light?

The mighty conqueror of France was brought
To final rest—'mong living cripples laid,
In death surrounded by his cruel work.
That peaceful conqueror of Denmark rests
Beneath the ivy 'mid his works sublime—
No monarch in the world has such a tomb!

*

How dear to true Americans would he,
That simple-hearted, self-made man have been!
Dear to all Danish hearts, a little band
Of Danes, to show their love for this great land,
To-day give to New York, their chosen home,
An image of their famous countryman,
A statue of himself and by himself,
The same, the Dane, who stands with tools in hand,
Where roses crown the Quirinal in Rome.

Robert Burns.

From the Danish of Holger Drachmann.

Written onboard the Danish man-of-war "Helgoland", while riding at anchor near the coast of Scotland.

The rock that yonder wraps its crest
In misty plaid, that sea-bird nest,
It stands, in Scotland's colors dressed,
As would a warlike sentinel,
That ever watches well.
From time to time a song it hums,
And, joining, from the sea-gulls comes
A ringing chorus, wild and free —
It is a Highland melody,
The billows beating time,
A folksong of so true a note,
So full, so strong, so rich in chime
As those which Robert Burns once wrote,
The songs which from his manhood welled
And all its freshness held.

The lady yonder, prim and neat,
Who hurries on her little feet
So modestly through Prince's Street,
A lady born and bred is she,
And sweet as sweet can be.
At home a song she often hums
And, joining, from her sisters comes
A chorus, O so tenderly!
It is a Highland melody
And great, as is its fame,
A folksong of the truest note,

And "Highland Mary" is its name,
A song that Robert Burns once wrote.
His throbbing soul uncovered, when
That song flowed from his pen.

The workman yonder, drinking up
A few pence in the whiskey shop,
To find good cheer 'mong friends, a drop
Too much, perhaps, at times he takes;
But in the cup he breaks
His sorrows and a ditty hums,
While, joining, from his comrades comes
A chorus, O so merrily!
It is a Highland melody
With bold but no low mirth,
A folksong of the truest note,
To which a teeming mind gave birth,
A song that Robert Burns once wrote,
That full of cheer meets ease and strife,
The ups and downs in life.

The monument that yonder tries,
On Prince's Street, to near the skies,
'Tis Walter Scott's, and to the eyes
How fine the stone! But O some day
Its beauty will decay.
The song-bird of the Scots, not he
Would price to have his memory
Held up by such a costly stone—
It is a Highland melody
By which he will be known!

A folksong of the truest note,
That of the people is a part—
A song that Robert Burns once wrote!
O where is he who coined in art
So true his life and heart?

O Robert Burns, where'er we meet,
In whiskey-shop, in Prince's Street,
A friend beloved in you I greet,
Where'er your lays I see and hear,
To me forever dear!
Amid the war-ship's noise and din
I hum a song, the gulls join in,
A ringing chorus, wild and free—
It is a Highland melody,
The billows beating time,
A folksong of the truest note,
So full, so strong, so rich its chime,
A song that Robert Burns once wrote.
O happy land, whose life was writ
With so much warmth and wit.

*

"Please, pilot, take these lines ashore!"
A weather-beaten tar before
Me stands, and we shake hands once more;
Well combed and washed by wind and wave
He looks so stanch and brave.
He hums a song as he departs,
And quickly I join in—he starts,
And knowingly he looks at me—
It is a Highland melody,

Bold words, but not too free.
Then, as to me his back he turns,
By name I mention Robert Burns,
Once more he turns, stands still a while—
It were as ran a sunny smile
Along the Scottish isle.

Songs from "Elfinhill."

(*A Danish Lyric Play by J. L. Heiberg.*)

I.

BRIDE OF THE ELFIN-KING.

I went in the grove of a summer-evening still
And stoopt and took a draught from the murmuring rill.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

The rill's sparkling waters ran near a green-clad hill,
At once they stopt their babbling and all turned so still.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

Then out of the hill came three maidens clad in white,
While tender strains were breaking the stillness of night.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

Like mist on a meadow the maidens seemed to be,
The three turned into one and the one into three.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

I gazed at their dance when before me stood the king,
He took from off his finger a wonderful ring.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

I reached for the ring and he seized and held my hand,
The white-clad maidens winding around us a band.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

I live in the hill now a king's bride 'gainst my will,
And only when the dew falls I dare leave his hill.
Be watchful, watchful, O thou maiden,
The Elfin-king beholds thee!

II.

SUMMERNIGHT'S FESTIVAL.

The day glides on and is gone right soon,
O'er yonder cliff stands the pale-lit moon.
Wine cups are gleaming,
Bright eyes are beaming,
While all hearts are beating and wrapt with delight.
Dew drops are falling
Like jewels bright,
Pleasure is calling
On all to-night.

The elves sit now in the dreamy wood
And over their golden treasures brood.
Come here unbidden,
Silent and hidden,

Their king stands among us and lists to our lay.
Mind, he is near us,
Has turned his way
Hither to hear us
At song and play.

The moon grows bright and ere long will reach
Her seat on high over oak and beech.
Soft shadows hover
'Round us and cover
The whispering woods, while o'er us everywhere
Stars are beginning
To help the fair
Freya*) in spinning
Her golden hair.

III.

HUNTERS' NIGHT-SONG.

Lovely at night to rove
Here in the elfin-grove;
Luna is burning, yet tender,
Winding her silver-spun
Threads o'er Endymion,
Bright'ning the woods with her splendor.

Pass if a nymph be nigh,
Leave her alone, go by!
Elves peep and watch in the beeches.

*) In Scandinavian mythology: The Goddess of Love.

Mind ere it be too late,
Think of Actæon's fate,
Go though for love she beseeches.

Roam not when turning back,
Keep on the beaten track,
Hunter, the night-dew is falling.
If you have lost your way,
Hark to our hunting-lay,
Echo from far off is calling.

National Song of Norway.

(*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.*)

Yes, we love this land arising
Stormbeat o'er the sea
With its thousand homes, enticing,
Rugged though it be,
Love it, love it, not forgetting
Those we owe our birth,
Nor that night of saga letting
Down its dreams to earth.

Harald saved this land and bore it
With his warriors strong;
Hakon guarded it, while o'er it
Eyvind poured his song.
With his blood King Olaf painted
Here the cross and here
Sverre spoke 'gainst Rome, the sainted,
Spoke and had no fear.

Norseman, where thou dwellest, render
  Praise and thanks to Him,
Who has been this land's defender,
  When its hopes looked dim.
Wars our fathers' aims unfolded,
  Tears our mothers shed,
Roads of them for us He molded,
  To our rights they led.

Yes, we love this land arising
  Stormbeat o'er the sea
With its thousand homes, enticing,
  Rugged though it be.
Like our fathers who succeeded,
  Warring for release,
So will we, whenever needed,
  Rally for its peace.

Meeting Again.

(*From the Danish of Zakarias Nielsen.*)

We owned a cot with the sea in view;
For a living my father turned
Shoes out of wood, and a trifle, too,
By washing my mother earned.

I was but a small, a daring lad,
On the beach all day I strayed,
I swam and ducked and, rosy and glad,
In the shining sunbeams played.

O happy those hours of long ago!
A pity so quickly they passed.
Too early I found a world of woe;
The days of sorrow came fast.

A war broke out, and my father left
One day, our land to defend;
In battle he fell, and, of him bereft,
On others we had to depend.

We lived on trust, our only relief;
That, too, soon stopped, and, beside,
My mother drooped with sickness and grief;
Ere long in the poorhouse she died.

And now with strangers my lot was cast;
They themselves had little to spare;
In rags and tatters, each day that passed
Some one kicked me and pulled my hair.

I worked and plodded on in my clogs;
In lying I soon found my joy;
I teased the children, fought with the dogs,
And grew a very bad boy.

I was at war with the whole wide world;
Made mischief wherever I could;
All seemed to hate me, names at me hurled,
All said that I was no good.

"O, wait! Some time I'll return each blow",
In rage I oft used to whine;
"You'll taste the fists that are sure to grow
On these sinewy arms of mine."

I had reached the age of sixteen years,
When a wonder happened one day,
So that to me it clearly appears
That Providence guides our way.

One Sunday morning I strolled about
In the country far from the town;
From hunger and thirst and all worn out,
On the point I was to drop down.

The night before I had left my home;
Though hungry, the richest meal
Could not lure me back. I would rather roam
Through the land and beg or steal.

A villa I reached; sweet lilacs in bloom
In front of it covered the ground;

I sneaked my way to the drawing-room,
But nowhere I heard a sound.

Still was the house ; but pale grew my cheek ;
Without was the rustling of leaves.
Why was I here ? And what did I seek ?
—Opportunity surely makes thieves.

Softly on tiptoe I walked the floor,
And looked and peered, like a spy,
In every nook, till I stopped before
A picture that caught my eye.

"O this is a dream! I've lost my wits!
Our own little house by the sea!
And there's my mother, she stands and knits!
There's no mistake! It is she!

"Yes, that's my mother! Her lovely face!
Her mouth and her eyes mild and blue,
The apron she wore on all holidays,
And her red striped jacket, too.

"She looks at me! What is it that stirs
Within my bosom while kind
And pleasant thoughts and sayings of hers
Again are filling my mind ?

"I feel as if I had moved away,
Away to my childhood's joys ;
I see you, mother, watching me play,
And again I hear your voice."

"I hear you calling me 'dear little chap',
I see how with motherly care
You used to hold me upon your lap,
And kiss me and smooth my hair.

"I see you undress me, put me to bed,
As were it last night it seems —
So softly, softly my prayers I said,
Then went to the land of dreams.

"Your kindness how could I ever forget,
My soul must have been asleep.
Dear little mother, you must not fret,
Because I stand here and weep.

"I feel it eases my heart to let
These tears burst forth, for they say
I might become a good fellow yet
If I saw you every day."

So, deeply moved, I spoke and cried,
When a hand on my shoulder was laid.
Pale as a ghost to escape I tried,
A rush for the door I made.

But a friendly voice said: "Don't be afraid!
Now I wish to have a word:
I saw you come in and all you said
At the window I overheard.

"The mother I heard you praising so
And the home you thought so good,

I painted about ten years ago,
While I stopped in that neighborhood.

"And many pictures like that, my boy,
Are found here and there with my name,
But that has given me the greatest joy,
By that I first won my fame.

"And thousands here and from foreign lands
Have called it splendid and fine;
But so full of life as now it stands,
I ne'er saw that picture of mine.

"You've put around it a frame of love
From memory's treasury, and
It gives it a value far above
What others can understand.

"And ever hereafter, twice as dear
As before to me it will be;
But tell me, my son, what brings you here?
Is it me you have come to see?

"I know not," I said. "I know not why
I came, but while outside I stood,
I yearned to go in, yes, go in and try
If I could, if I could—yes, could—

"But when I saw my mother was near,
And knew it would cause her pain—
I think 'twas God that brought me here,
To meet with her once again."

He answered : "Yes, that might well be said,
And now you had better stay
With her, and let us thank God who led
You home, when you went astray."

Since then a good many years have gone;
A painter myself I became,
And like my teacher I, too, have won
A host of good friends and fame.

But, next to God, to my mother I owe
That ever I reached the mark ;
She took my soul, that had sunk so low,
To the sunlight out of the dark.

All cold, hardened thoughts, like ice and snow
That melt in the sun and the rain,
Melted away with tears in the glow
Of love, when I met her again.

The Fox and the Hare.

(*Bjørnson.*)

The fox lay under the birch's root
In the heather;
The hare leapt high on her nimble foot
O'er the heather:
"Now here's a day of the sunny kind,
With gold in front and with gold behind
On the heather!"

The fox he grinned 'neath the birch's root
In the heather,
The hare kept showing how hares can shoot
'Cross the heather:
"I feel so pleased here with everything!"—
"O my, how boldly you skip and spring
O'er the heather!"

The fox lay crouched by the birch's root
In the heather.
The hare leapt 'gainst him and fell to boot
In the heather:
"O goodness me, shall I meet you here!"
"How dare you dance so, my pretty dear,
O'er the heather!"

Two made one.

When Ned and Annie first met
To speak, as they'd ne'er done before,
Thought Ned: "With no shade of regret
I'd live a hundred years more,
If she'd be my wife and my pet!"

Now, tho' his love-thoughts were mute,
Sweet Annie at once read his mind—
O a girl's love is awfully cute!
And Ned was not either quite blind.
So right on the spot
They tied a knot,
And, as courtship demands,
Sweet Annie and Ned joined hands.
So one was made of those two,
And both of them know it is true:

There's joy and blessing in living together
For two who are loving each other;
No matter how dark and stormy the weather,
Come sorrow, come trouble and bother;
When husband and wife
Are certainly one
The battles of life
Are easily won!
Yes, every time—
Let the wedding-bells chime!

Cash.

THE MONEY-GRABBER'S DITTY.

Air from "Marble Hearts."

Cash will charm the world to call you
  All you wish, both good and smart,
Nine times out of ten 'tis all you
  Need to win a maiden's heart.
Joy it gives, no doubt about it;
  Sad and sullen most appear
When they have to do without it,
  While they brighten, when they hear:
    Chink! Chink!
That makes them laugh and cheer!

  Time is money! All are trying
To make heaps, and sure it is,
  When you hear a man is sighing,
You can cheer his heart with this:
    Chink! Chink!

Cash! O cash! a mighty power
  In this land and everywhere!
When the golden eagles shower
  Down in torrents we are there,
Round the golden calf assemble,
  Not a hint from it we miss,
Crying loud with lips that tremble:
  Grant us, give us heaps of this:
    Chink! Chink!
O lots of gold is bliss!

Time is money! All are trying
To make heaps, and sure it is,
When you hear a man is sighing,
You can cheer his heart with this:
Chink! Chink!

The Jackass.

(*After the Danish of Erik Bøgh.*)

Jack Blunder had a sorry vice;
So fond he was of cards and dice,
From night till dawn he'd sit and play
At times his hat and shoes away.
And so he played until one day
He found himself of all bereft—
Hold on! His jackass still was left.
But then, when hunger's busy tooth
Began its painful work, the youth
Saw clearly, though it grieved his heart,
That e'en with him he had to part.

Adown the road to part for aye
The two in sorrow went their way.
The master wailed, the jackass brayed;
A wondrous sad duet they made.
This heard two stragglers, thieves by trade,
And, having in their breasts no shade
Of shame or pity, on the spot
The knaves contrived an ugly plot.
Unnoticed by the wretched Jack

They nabbed the beast behind his back.
One slung the halter o'er his head
And followed in the jackass' stead ;
The other softly sneaked away
Into the forest with his prey.

And Jack kept marching on and led
An ass that wore a human head.
Then all at once, just as he said :
"I've done fore'er with cards and dice !"
He stopped and paled, his blood turned ice;
For scarce the words he'd uttered, when
A voice behind him said : "Amen !"
He turned and trembled, looked and stared:
For such a change no whit prepared:
Erect his jackass stood and dressed,
Like him, in pants, in coat and vest.
Now such a sight, I'm certain, might
Have frightened, chilled a man more skilled
In guessing right than this poor wight.
His very heart stood still with dread.
Then raised the bare faced ass his head,
Reached out his hand and blandly said :
"O master dear, thou need'st not fear,
An ass transformed beholdst thou here!"

Quite sure it is, whene'er we hear
A jackass speak we think it queer.
And as Jack Blunder thought the same,
'Tis puzzling how the knave became
So soon familiar with this strange,

As well as unexpected change.
At last he said he e'en could trace
Some features in the jackass' face
Reminding him of former days.
And as his tongue was now untied
He wished to have some explanation
Of the mysterious transformation ;
To which demand the beast replied :

"When young I bore a stainless name
But then one night I tried a game
At cards and won, and hence became
A frequent guest at every place
Where rule the queen, the king and ace.
Yes, like an ass my time I spent ;
I played until I hadn't a cent,
Then borrowed money, lived on tick,
This was another ass-like trick.
I knew I ne'er would see that day
When I my many debts might pay.

And so at last it came to pass
I turned internally an ass.
This happens oft, I have no doubt,
But soon the inward ass broke out.
My skin, before as smooth and fair
As any babe's, was decked with hair.
My neck grew big, my limbs more strong,
My ears grew shaggy, broad and long.
These changes I beheld with awe,
As you may guess, but when I saw

The tail that to my heels did reach
I screamed aloud and lost my speech.
Thus was I now indeed an ass,
Was whipped and kicked by lad and lass.
But here I stand a man once more,
My time of punishment is o'er.
And now you've heard my tale of woe
I hope in peace you'll let me go."

"Go!" answered Jack ; "I know too well,
A chap like you I ne'er could sell.
Henceforth, my friend, be good and wise,
Do ne'er again touch cards nor dice."

The knavish ass then bade adieu,
Went off and soon was lost to view.
But Jack went home alone and swore
To touch the tempting dice no more.
Moreover to forsake the inn,
The knave of clubs and all his kin.

One year has passed. One summer's day
We see Sir Jack, dressed up and gay,
With stamps enough to buy, at least,
Two fellows like his first old beast.
He nears the town ; the inn he passes ;
At last he halts upon the square,
Where stand for sale some hundred asses,
And he examines each with care.
Then lo! with wonder and surprise
He stares, but can't believe his eyes.

Before him stands his ass, the same
Which just a year ago became
A human being; yes, 'tis he,
As sure as one and two make three.
Then cried poor Jack: "Good gracious me!
How did it ever come to pass,
That you again were made an ass?
Why don't you answer?—Did you play?"
Then bowed the ass, began to bray.
And Jack, who guessed that this meant ay,
Continued then: "A sorry sight!
However, friend, it serves you right.
You might have spared yourself this woe;
For from experience I know,
That though you once have been a sot,
A gambler, drunkard, or what not,
You may your name, your fame restore.
But if you turn an ass once more,
As you have done, my erring friend,
I'm much afraid you'll ne'er be able
To rise again, but that you'll end
For sure and certain in the stable.

The three Tailors.

(From the German of Herlofszohn.)

Three little tailors to have a good time
Went to the tavern of Ingelheim
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
Their pockets were empty, but still they nurs'd
The hope that some one would quench their thirst
With wine, with wine.

"Sir host! we are broke, we have not a cent;
In seeing the world our gold we've spent
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
But come, we'll show you some wonderful tricks,
In return we ask, you give us for nix
Some wine, some wine."

"Ye fellows! the keeper of Ingelheim
Will sell you a glass of wine for a dime,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine;
But for all your tricks with needle and thread
A punch in the head he'll give you instead
Of wine, of wine."

A sunbeam one of them caught in his hat
And nimbly threaded his needle with that,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
A broken wine-glass he sewed with the beam
So well that no one could see the seam
In wine, in wine.

The second tailor caught hold of a gnat
As on the bridge of his nose it squat,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
The gnat wore socks with a hole like a dot,
He darned it so finely you noticed it not
For wine, for wine.

His needle of steel the third one grabbed,
With all his might in the wall it stabbed,
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
As a flash of light through the eye he slipped,
I saw the wonder myself while I sipped
My wine, my wine.

The host of Ingelheim said: "I see
The truest, smartest men are you three
On the Rhine, on the Rhine.
A thimble he took and filled to the brim
And laughingly said: "Now, boys take a swim
In wine, in wine!"

The two Roses.

(*Bjørnson.*)

The red rose and the white rose
So named two sisters were,
The red rose full of laughter,
The white one full of care.
But time soon changed their hue, sir,
When love came to the two, sir,
The white one grew so red and bright,
The red one grew so white.

The red rose had a lover
Her father sent away;
While to the white one's wooer
He readily said ay.
In love the red one failed, sir,
And so with grief she paled, sir.
The white one grew so red and bright,
The red one grew so white.

A father's heart soon melts, sir,
He changed his mind ere long,
And all the house was merry
With wedding-dance and song.
And rosebuds came in flocks, sir,
In tiny shoes and socks, sir,
The white one's red, and guess you might
The red one's—they were white.

The Scandinavians in the Northwest.

Dead lay the great Northwest.
Then came the Scandinavian pioneers
And 'mong the rest
A youth in years,
Not learned in books, but strong in mind,
One of the stanch, far-seeing kind.
Fate pointed : Travel West!
He went, and saw the land was blest
With wealth that slumbered in the ground ;
And soon he made it pretty lively all around.

More Swedes, more Norse, more Danes
Soon came from mountains, valleys, plains,
And to the wild Northwest
For better luck they went in quest.
That pioneer with wakeful eye
Was here to catch them on the fly.
He pointed West, where Nature's gifts abound ;
They went—and made it pretty lively all around.

That pioneer *) he had a dream :
To be a king of rail and steam !
And in his hopes he did not fail,
For both by steam and over rail
Have you and I, we all have found,
He makes it pretty lively all around.

*) That pioneer is not a dream, but a wide-awake American citizen, a promoter of great enterprises, to-day the best known Swede in the United States.

At sea, on land the engines hum,
And still the cry is : Lo ! they come,
The Swedes, the Norse, the Danes !
In hosts they come to till the plains,
The soil that lay too long at rest
With bursting longings to be blest
With golden grain.
Where in the great Northwest
The Swede, the Norse, the Dane
Wield ax and spade and scythe, they're found
To make it pretty lively all around.

April.

(*Bjørnson.*)

Yes, April is my choice,
In it the Old departs,
The New strikes root and starts.
Don't mind the crash and noise,
Disturbing peaceful rest—
To will and do is best.

Yes, April is my choice,
Because it storms and sweeps,
Because it smiles and weeps.
In April I rejoice ;
In it great powers at strife
Call summer into life.

The Ship Rats.

(From the Danish of Holger Drachmann.)

"At Aberdeen lay our stately ship,
Ready and cleared for her North Sea trip.

"I knew her, a tried and gallant craft,
A picture she looked from fore to aft!

"Still some one found there was something amiss;
One didn't like that and another not this.

"Of ships he don't know, I've found the Scot
Especially knows a wonderful lot.

"And they eased their minds; and when it grew dark
In lines the rats went ashore from the bark!

"Next morning we sailed. Ere three days had passed
We lay on the sea with downward-turned mast.

"That this was to happen the rats surely knew—
I was the only one saved of the crew.

"Those thievish rats can smell, beyond doubt,
When, to save their skin, 'tis time to clear out.

"Just put the best bacon before their snout—
When the hour is there they'll leave it and scoot!"

So spoke the old skipper and took from his bunk
A drawing of how the "Fortuna" was sunk.

I thought of the wreck 'neath the sea's foamy caps,
Of the Scots and the rats—those far seeing chaps.

The time when to skip the ship-rats can smell—
We've land-rats knowing the same thing as well.

The English Captain.

(After the Danish of Carl Bagger.)

One night an English fleet, a flying host
Of sails, was sighted from the Swedish coast,
And, when to Elsinore it came, with awe
The watchful sentinels at Kronborg saw
The men-of-war cast anchor in the bay
And there remain until the break of day.

With orders sealed the fleet left England's shore,
For Denmark bound they knew, but knew no more.
The secrecy Lord Gambier*) would reveal,
And, when at dawn he broke the royal seal,
In deep suspense before him stood a band
Of eager men to hear the king's command:

"The power of Denmark is at sea so strong
That, if not checked, the Danes may try ere long
To break the peace; we, therefore, deem it meet
Now to attack their stronghold, seize their fleet."

The royal order flew from deck to deck.
Here was a foe of old to fight and wreck;
And shouts went up, still, 'midst the deaf'ning cheers,
One man stood mute, a captain, young in years,
Who, with a startled face and looks of grief,
Advanced and asked to go before his chief:

"Sir Admiral", he said, "while yet a lad
My first encounter with the French I had

*) Commander-in-chief of the English fleet, which in 1807 bombarded the Danish capital.

On Nelson's man-of-war ; nine years ago,
At Abukir, with him I faced our foe ;
Home from Trafalgar seamed with scars I came,
They earned for me these medals and some fame ;
In war with France, whenever I took part,
'For God and King!' I cried with all my heart,
But here a foe unchallenged we're to fight,
And come upon him in the dead of night.

"The statesman's telescope oft leads astray ;
The sailor by the magnet finds his way,
Upon the truthful compass he relies
And looks for guidance to the star-lit skies.
But never shall with truth that charge be made,
I broke my oath, my country's flag betrayed—
No danger for your fleet! No risk you take!
It is my honor which is here at stake!
Mylord, 'tis written that in everything
Thou shalt obey thy God before thy king!"

He ceased ; upon the waves his gaze was bent ;
A sigh, a leap, and overboard he went.
Some Swedish fishermen his body found,
And where they buried it is still a mound,
Where, it is said, no blade of grass will grow.
Now o'er that grave the gulls flit to and fro,
And villagers will tell that there at night
Oft comes a shadow in the moon's dim light;
'Tis he, they say, who stands with outstretched hand
And longs to reach his home, his native land.

The Church Bell.

(From the Danish of N. F. S. Grundtvig.)

Church-bell, lost in great and noisy city,
Thou wert cast for towns where far and nigh
All can hear whene'er a babe is weeping
Or a mother sings her lullaby.

When a child I lived near fields and forest,
Like a Heaven to me was Christmas-morn,
Like an angel's voice, glad tidings bringing,
Told thy chimes of joy to mankind born.

Higher still thy notes my soul uplifted
When they rang with Easter-sun's first ray,
Chimed: "Rejoice, thy Saviour has arisen!
Thou, too, rise in dawn of Easter-day!"

Lovely, too, in harvest time to hear thee
In the evening hours with quiet blest,
List'ning, while thy heavenly voice comes floating
Over earth to call all souls to rest.

Yes, whenever now the curfew tells me
That the sun is down, the birds asleep,
With the flowers I bow my head and softly
In between thy strokes this prayer will creep:

Church-bell! tho' my dust shall never hear thee
Tolling over it, O tell them all,
Cheer my dear ones, tell them thither went he,
Leaving as the sun sets in the fall.

Prayers.

I.

(*From the German.*)

Life, all life proceeds from Thee!
Permeating, filling, wreathing
All the world, Thy works are breathing:
"Molded by Thy hands are we!"

That I live, can think and feel,
That I know Thee, can adore Thee,
Call Thee father! O before Thee,
Great Creator, let me kneel!

Sweet, unbounded joy to know:
Like the sunlight, ever streaming,
Fatherly thine eye is beaming
Over me, where'er I go.

Let the feeling in my soul:
Thou art there! forever guide me!
Like an angel be beside me,
That I stray not from the goal.

II.

BEFORE BAPTISM.

(*From the Danish of Grundtvig.*)

Jesus stretches forth His hand,
Little ones addressing.
Children, follow his command;
Come, receive his blessing!

Lord, baptize them deeply in
Life's redeeming river !
Guide them, that they free from sin
Cling to Thee forever !

III.

AFTER BAPTISM.

Now be among us, we implore Thee !
And, in Thy name baptized, sweet Christ,
Grant to the babes, we bring before Thee,
Life won by Thee, when sacrificed.

Thy name we give them, Christians call them ;
O let them in Thy name arise !
If troubles on their path befall them
O help them reach Thy paradise !

Around the cradle angels hover,
Let at the grave sweet angels be !
All, for a cross, a crown recover,
Who through death's valley go with Thee.

Sorrow.

(After the Danish of Christian Wilster.)

One day, while Jupiter, the great Olympian,
Sat listening to the glorious hymns of mirth,
Ascending thro' the fleeting clouds beneath him,
A maid rose to Olympus from the earth.

Upon her shoulders fell her night-black tresses,
Pale was her face and full of tears her eye;
Her graceful head hung down upon her bosom,
As slowly she the God of Gods drew nigh.

"Despair not child," quoth Jupiter, the mighty,
"Come lay thy burden down before our throne;
In vain thou shalt not seek for consolation,
Unfold thy heart, and make thy trouble known."

Then she, her eyes uplifting: "I am Sorrow,
I dwell among the children of the dust,
My peace has gone, I long for rest and solace,
And hope in thee; for thou alone art just.

"Fate destined me to live among the mortals,
To bring forth woe and mingle grief with mirth;
And, therefore, though a daughter of a goddess,
I have no worshiper upon the earth.

"Behold! from hills and halls and mighty temples
Sweet incense is ascending to the skies,
To every god and demi-god and goddess
Doth mankind offer up a sacrifice.

" But me they hate, avoid, and I must wander
All sore at heart, forsaken and alone ;
Therefore I left the earth, rose to Olympus,
And humbly here I kneel before thy throne."

Then Jupiter, the mighty, softly answered :
" O Sorrow listen, and in peace arise.
Thou shouldst not envy us our halls and temples,
Not e'en the incense rising to the skies.

To thee a purer sacrifice is offered,
To thee do love and mercy yield the tear,
A mother's tear, shed for her dying infant,
A maiden's tear, shed at her lover's bier.

" This sacrifice, O maid, was never offered
From vanity ; it needs no sacred hall ;
The tears which from the depths of hearts are flowing
Make sacred every place on which they fall.

" And therefore was no temple consecrated
To honor thee, but thou receiv'st no less,
For young and old bestow on thee, O Sorrow,
The noblest gift, the purest they possess."

Cradle Song.

(*From the Danish of Chr. Richardt.*)

Sleep, my baby, sleep, love,
Two rosy cheeks to reap, love !
Into dreamland glide while I
Sing to thee thy lullaby,
Sleep, my baby, sleep, love !

Like a flower expanding,
Methinks I see thee standing,
Strong in growth and sweet and fair,
Drinking God's pure, sunny air,
Like a flower expanding.

Don't forget your home, love,
When far away you roam, love !
Growing from your mother's care,
Don't forget to say your prayer ;
Don't forget your home, love !

Roses, red and glowing,
Among the thorns are growing,
All the thorns I keep for me,
All the roses are for thee,
Roses, red and glowing.

From thy cozy nest, love,
Unto thy mother's breast, love,
Come, my babe, and take thy place,
Mother's lap and fond embrace
Make thy safest nest, love !

Songs of the Needle.

I.

MR. RIP.

A tailor's seat is not a lowly chair !
Rip ! rip !
On tables he is towering in the air.
Rip ! rip !
His needle is his sceptre and his sword.
Rip ! rip !
A beggar he can turn into a lord.
Rip ! rip !

No tailor here, the loss would soon be felt.
Clip ! clip !
In winter folks would freeze, in summer melt.
Clip ! clip !
He stitches, rips and clips that all be dressed.
Clip ! clip !
I therefore say, the tailor he be blessed!
Clip ! clip !

II.

MRS. LACE.

In thousand houses in New York,
At balls and plays you'll see her work,
Her styles are so you can't mistake
A dress that's of her make.
Our lady aristocracy,
And girls of our democracy
You'll find will never tire to praise

The work of Mrs. Lace.
'Tis due to her 'tis hard to guess
A maiden's wealth by style in dress ;
All have taste nowadays,
And that plainly betrays
The power of Mrs. Lace !

She's proud and for her pride has cause ;
She's, so to speak, a Santa Claus,
With girls he never took the place
Now held by Mrs. Lace.
She's ever in their dreams at night,
To them she seems an angel bright,
Who comes to make all women fair,
Yes, they are well aware :
'Tis due to her 'tis hard to guess
A maiden's wealth by style in dress ;
All have taste nowadays,
And that plainly betrays
The power of Mrs. Lace !

Peaceful Men.

In spots, where once the redskin's war-whoop sounded,
To-day stand images of peaceful men
Upon whose deeds a brighter world was founded,
The brainy men of chisel, brush and pen.

Before the Elopement.

I.

Too early yet ;
The sun has hardly set,
My love !
In peace all earth reposes
And drinks the balmy dew,
But still eve's glowing roses
Are ling'ring on the blue.
Too early yet, my love !

Have faith in me !
When night sets in we flee,
My love !
The birds have ceased their twitter,
The breezes rest and soon
The hosts of stars will glitter
Around the pale-faced moon.
Till then good-bye, my love !

II.

(*From the Danish of Erik Bøgh.*)

I hail thee,
Lovely and beautiful night !
O veil thee
Moon of the silvery light !
Come ye angels attending on high !
Close in slumber each vigilant eye !
Fade or hide you till morning draws nigh
All ye glittering stars of the sky !

I hail thee,
Lovely and beautiful night!
O veil thee
Moon of the silvery light!
Come fear not, my own gentle bride!
Beautiful sweetheart, thy love be thy guide!
Come thou, my angel, my joy and my pride!
Come, love!

Life-Savers' Chorus.

Armed to battle the wave
Here are we!
Armed all dangers to brave
Here are we!
Breakers are chanting and dancing 'gainst the coast,
Rising and falling,
They're mocking and calling:
Come boys! come boys! you lose time while you boast!
Out, when wanted, tho' stormy the weather,
We start!
Off, like arrows, all pulling together,
We dart!
Boldly we ride on the billows' crest!
Homeward speed we, when the sea's at rest!
O when wavelets murmur soft and low
All rejoice down the tide to flow!
But when a storm the billows lashes,
When lightning flashes,
Then out alone we go!

At the Ball.

Splendid sight!
Left and right
Faces beaming with delight!
Love-sparks fly!
Bright eyes try
With the stars to vie!
Afloat
Melodious strains
Denote
That harmony reigns!
But mind, all hours of bliss fly fast,
So enjoy them while they last:
Whirling, twirling
Until the hours grow small!
O entrancing
To be dancing
With your dearest of all!

Pic-Nickers Homewardbound.

Spent is now the happy day!
Soon night sets in,
The crowds grow thin,
Begin departing,
Homeward starting!
Quick! quick! let us all away
The boat is coming swiftly steaming down the bay.
Out are the stars!
O'er wavelets, softly singing,

Of silver bars
The moon a bridge is flinging!
Come! come! see the lovely sight!
And breathe the cooling breezes of the starry night!
Hark! from afar sweet music ringing
Mingling with voices pouring forth a gleeful lay!
Come! come! 'tis time we homeward speed our way!
Now for a sail! and with a song we close the day!

The Learned Poet.

For people of learning my poems have a charm,
A weird fascination!
And all's due to Nature, to me one mighty farm,
Whose works submerge my mind with inspiration.
I've lines on all that lives upon and in the ground,
Verses treating on nutrition.
And all fair-minded men have found
That my works are fresh and sound
And betray much erudition.

The rarest expression you'll find I always choose;
With pleasure I linger
Mong dictionaries, hence in verse I oft make use
Of words as long and longer than my finger.
Yes, scientific terms that end with ous, nous, pous,
Inspiration intersperses!
Such words as heteroclitous,
Rhyming hexadactylous,
You will find in most my verses.

Champagne.

Air: H. C. Lumbye's Champagne-Galop.

(*After the Danish of Erik Bøgh.*)

When in your soul a strain
Of sadness seems to reign,
When rest you can't obtain
Because you can't refrain
From thinking o'er again
Old cares that cause you pain,
Don't hesitate but drain
A bumper of champagne!
Pop!

Must you at home remain
Because of snow or rain
And things go 'gainst the grain,
Don't grumble and complain;
No use to mope in vain,
To be yourself again
Let fly the cork and drain
A bumper of champagne!
Pop!

Grapes keep growing on the mountains,
Hidden, sparkling, tiny fountains
All those glowing berries treasure,
Meant alone for mankind's pleasure!

If you find
On your mind

Sadd'ning thoughts remain,
Sprightly joy is lurking in champagne!
Out you pour
One glass more,
And you'll soon declare,
All your cares have vanished in the air!

Other wines may be berated,
And perhaps avoided, hated,
But as lovers oft have stated,
And our poets have related,
Heart and mind grow animated,
Pleasant thoughts and joy created
By the ever celebrated—
Pop!

Pop! the corks go flying to the ceiling!
Merry thunder through the hall is pealing!
Wounded hearts say good champagne is healing!
Come let us drain
A bumper of sparkling champagne!
Pop!

Songs from "Mary Stuart."

(A Drama by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.)

I.

CHORUS

BY THE PRESBYTERIAN BURGHERS OF EDINGBURGH.

Weapons grant me! Strength Thou lend me!
In the hour of need defend me!
If my cause be Thine, O Lord,
Thou with victory crown my sword!
O'erthrow Thy foes!
O'erthrow Thy foes!
Loosen Thy thundercloud's bolts and blast them!
Down in the depths of their sins, O cast them!
Crush down and spoil,
Waste lay their soil!
Then let mercy on dove-wings descend;
Show Thy faithful, true to the end,
The olive leaf, foreboding the Spring
Thy punishing Flood shall bring.

II.

CHORUS

BY MARY STUART'S HUNTING PARTY.

From the burning heather fled,
Heather fled,
Comes the queen, her hawk ahead!
Hawk ahead!

Fragrance breaks from birch and brake,
Birch and brake!

Blare of bugles echoes wake,
Echoes wake!

Clear the air and crisp with thirst,
Crisp with thirst!
Forward! Look, our queen is first!
Queen is first!

Onward, upward! let us chase,
Let us chase,
Joy itself to death's embrace,
Death's embrace!

III.

WILLIAM TAYLOR,

singing to Henry Darnley a moment before they meet their death by the explosion in Darnley's house.

Each happy hour you have on earth
With sorrow you must pay;
Let few or many come and go
The pay is claimed some day.
A time will come when you will shed
A tear for every smile,
And paying off your awful debt,
Your faith grows less the while.
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
If, when you smiled, I'd turned away,
I should not weep to-day.

God pity him who never could
To joy yield half his heart,

A time will come when also he
Of grief must take full part.
God pity him who was so glad
His joys he can't forget;
God pity him who lost his all
And kept his senses yet.
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
Mary Anne, Mary Anne,
What bloomed for me in life, it died
The day you left my side.

Nansen.

When "Fram" was launched.

(Bjørnson.)

Good luck to your boat and your trip!
Where ne'er came the keel of a ship,
Where ne'er reached the sound of a name,
To the world you'll Norway's proclaim.

When Nansen returned.

(Jonas Lie.)

Fate has her reasons every time she lets
Gold-apples fall as gifts to fortune's pets.
By fertile springs in quietude they grow
And slowly ripen by a soul-life's glow.

What most you needed, fatherland, he brought;
A genius' dream in deeds of steel he wrought,
The dice he cast, and with a daring soul
Went forth and staked his life to reach his goal.

A Single One More.

(*From the Danish of Ivar Kirkegaard.*)

THE SERGEANT TELLS:

Just give me a light, young fellow,
  Then polish that sabre well,
In the meantime something that happened
  While I was a recruit, I'll tell.
Folks called me wild and wayward,
  And so I enlisted for spite;
A bit too green to get married,
  Yet old enough was I to fight.

My rifle slung over my shoulder,
  My sword at my hip, and adieu!
They sent me to join the army
  Before my drill-time was through.
We fired, we marched and battled,
  It seemed a war with no end,
But lots of fun I had often,
  Thanks to a newly made friend.

Gay as a lark was "Fifty",
  Strong and brave, full of grace,
And a pair of brown eyes sparkled
  In his handsome and manly face.
Side by side we went fighting,
  At calls together we met,
And when there was something to bite in
  Of the very same dish we eat.

At day break one dewy morning—
The sun wasn't up, but still
At the enemy we lay firing
Behind a sheltering hill.
From an opposite bank the Germans
Held out, but, too far away,
Their bullets went down before us
And buried themselves in the clay.

The captain sounded his whistle:
"Stop firing! Your powder you waste!
In a minute on yonder hillside
The enemy's ranks will be placed.
Be mindful you heed the signals,
And quick as you hear: Retreat!
Off you go in a jiffy!
Reinforcement soon we will meet."

"Fifty" I gave a few bullets,
To use them he did not wait;
For the German helmets he harbored
A most unchristian hate.
As soon as he saw one rising
Over the hills like a spire,
He fired away until he
Had not a ball left to fire.

Then, turning, he said: "Look northward!
On yonder peak you will see
A frisky lieutenant survey us—
O a bold young dandy is he!

He looks, as he stands there, strutting,
  His fieldglass proudly in hand,
As if he and his noisy devils
  Owned all our beautiful land.

His glass is blurred, I am certain,
  But now, free of charge, I'll try
To polish it up a little,
  Perhaps then his highness will spy
A shooting star that will twinkle
  As never he saw one before—
"Forty"—hand me a bullet,
  Only a single one more!"

"Stop firing! Retreat!" came the order.
  And straight our men began
Swiftly descending the hillside;
  With death at their heels they ran,
For volleys followed; our foes were
  On ammunition not short;
Then, 'midst the whizzing of rifles,
  Out roared a cannon's report.

Then "Fifty" was heard in the turmoil:
  "Drop down by the hedge! No delay!
I see a constable pointing
  His field-cannon just this way.
Leap over the hedge! Seek shelter!
  I'll join you soon, but before
I leave, I'll send him a bullet—
  Only a single one more!"

Before that field-cannon thundered,
Behind that old hedge we were,
Then tramp of horses resounded,
The reinforcement was there,
Two companies, stanch and solid,
Like a wall they stood, firm and stern;
Our friends on the other side guessed then
That things now had taken a turn.

Behind the reserve and covered
By it and all our men
Stood the so much longed for wagon
With ammunition, and when
I had the supply I wanted,
I shouted, while looking around:
"Here, 'Fifty', are plenty of bullets!"
But nowhere could "Fifty" be found.

No time for a search was left me,
For now in earnest we met
Our foe face to face and fought him
With butt-end and bayonet.
We fired, we butchered and slaughtered,
And blood was spattered and spread,
Till the green fields round us stood reeking
And colored a crimson red.

At eve the battle subsided,
And then came an hour of rest.
But haunted I was by terrors
On my mind forever impressed,

I saw War's grewsome visage,
  The wounded in heaps fall and die,
When the stillness of night was broken
  By a wild and heartrending cry.

A foreboding dark o'erwhelmed me,
  It thrilled and filled me with fright,
O'er the hedge I leaned and near by
  Beheld a pitiful sight,
A brother wounded and mangled,
  All covered with gory spots,
The lower parts of his body
  Terribly riddled with shots.

He raved with pain, poor fellow,
  And it seemed that where he lay
He had dug with his hands, all bloody,
  A grave in the soft, moist clay.
To look at him closely I dared not,
  So cowardly weak I grew;
Then, taking courage, I gazed, and—
  "O 'Fifty'! My God, is that you!"

Where was his bright eyes' lustre?
  His voice with the merry ring?
No sight ever since has given me
  So cruel and painful a sting.
A life, O so full of promise!
  And then to be ended so!
I wept, my boy, like a woman—
  I was but a recruit, you know.

He knew me, for soon as he saw me
  He gave a slight, little start ;
At my rifle quickly he pointed,
  Then put his hand to his heart,
Then uttered a cry so piercing
  That it chilled my inmost core :
"O 'Forty', send me a bullet,
  —Only a single one more !"

Sadness.

(From the Danish of Viggo Stuckenberg.)

Tho' small our earth, how long are
  The roads on which we start,
With narrow doors how strong are
  The walls around our heart.
What makes the sunlight streaming
  Down from the endless sky ?
My inmost soul yearns, dreaming,
  To be it ever nigh.

Far wandered I, ne'er stopping,
  To see the bright sun roll,
O'er fields its glory dropping,
  Like sunshine in my soul.
I wandered, longing ever
  My blissful seeds to sow
Where hearts ne'er wept and never
  Was heard a sob of woe.

But shadows ever shifted,
  And o'er my road they fell ;

To gleeful songs, uplifted,
My soul could never swell.
With narrow doors how strong are
The walls around our heart;
Tho' small our earth, how long are
The roads on which we start.

Bliss.

(*Stuckenberg.*)

Bliss between two souls neither is
Gay laughter nor shouts of mirth,
More it is like the lonely grass
That groweth on stony earth.
Bliss between two souls neither is
Fond kisses nor cries of pet,
More it is like a twilight breeze
That wafts when the sun has set.
Bliss between two souls, O it is
Still as the dusky night,
Silent but with a thousand stars
Calmly spreading their light.

Folksong.

(*From the Danish of Thor Lange.*)

I gather three frozen branches
And plant all three in a bowl,
With prayers to God's holy mother
Who knows *the* wish of my soul.

One wish is, to get a bridegroom,
  Another that he will be true,
A third, that he may have lots of
  Gold and other wealth, too.
On Christmas morn leafed and blooming
  Two of the branches stand—
I know a swain who has nothing,
  To him will I give my hand.

Sunset. *)

(*After Thor Lange's translation from the Russian.*)

Farewell, my rose, my evening sun,
My joy, thy bright red spell!
My flaming flower, thy course soon done,
My last, last love, farewell!

At early dawn I plucked the rose,
By day my wreaths to weave,
But found no flower as sweet as those
I gather now at eve.

Fade wood and vale, I shall not miss
Them now where shadows fall;
My flaming flower, my sunset is
The best, the best of all!

---

*) Music to Sadness, Bliss, Folksong and Sunset by Anton Hegner, New York.

To Björnstjerne Björnson.

On His 70th Birthday, December 8th, 1902.

A greeting from this far off Yankeeland
To-day across the sea we wing.
Here, too, are friends of yours who understand
You are the Northlands' poet-king.

Stern warrior, thou! And yet a sweet bewitcher
Of souls who, longing to grow richer,
Delight to walk, where you light up the roads,
Where you with strides of pure humanity
Make dark'ning falsity and vanity
Retreat and skip like frightened toads.

Brave warrior, thou! who with thy steadfast soul
Still wars for that great goal
Which found its war-cry at the white Christ's birth:
"Good will to men and peace on earth!"

Red, White and Blue!
They were the only colors you
Would recognize as standard for your land;
And lo! though Sweden-Norway's union-jack
Was on your flag for generations back,
Young Norway rose and joined in your demand:
"Pure flag! Its colors only three!
Red, White and Blue—on land, at sea!"

That flag you see to-day unfurled,
Red, White and Blue floats in the air
From mastheads, housetops, everywhere.

From all four corners of the world
To-day warm greetings come to you in flocks,
Like friendly birds that settle on the rocks
Of Norway, where, at seventy years of age,
You still stand stanch, erect, again to wage
New wars for truth and liberty.

Torch bearer! here's our love to thee!
Long may you live! to teach, to fight and sing,
For while we listen, we shall be the richer.
Long life to you, the Northlands' poet-king!
In warfare stern, in song a sweet bewitcher!

Fourth of July.

Once more our glorious "Fourth" has come,
Thro' all the land the fife and drum
And voices from the cannon's mouth
Resound from North to South!
On houses, hill-tops, everywhere
Our starry banner fans the air,
When night sets in the rockets spin,
On fire the realms above
Proclaim the day we love!
Girls and boys! Come rejoice
On our country's greatest day!
Wait a bit! it is fit
We should render thanks and pray:
God hold his hand o'er this our land!—
Go on!
Fire off your gun!
Bang!

U. S. Grant.

Few were his words,
But in the clash
And gleam of swords
Quick as a flash
He grasped the situation.
His warlike soul
Ne'er swerved from that one goal
The Union's perpetuation.

Grover Cleveland.

A campaign speech without any arguments but with a chorus.
October 1890.

There was a Mayor in Buffalo,
Well known and liked by high and low ;
Yes, e'en the tiniest girls and chaps
Would greet that Mayor and wave their caps.
Those simple, honest ways, you see,
Which make men popular, had he,
And many of the childish nods
He first received from romping tods
They turned to votes and helped him win
And reach his goal and put him in
The White House Presidential Chair—
And, by the way, he will be there,
To occupy that chair again,
When we are thro' with this campaign.

CHORUS.

That's so ! that's so ! just sniff the air,
And then you'll know,
For four years more
That former Mayor of Buffalo
Will fill again that White House Chair,
He filled so well before !

When first he put his steady hand
To the affairs of this good land,
Alarm was sounded ; something new
That broadeyed helmsman had in view.
But time's the teacher ; now we know

The seeds his first term sowed will grow ;
His views still live, will force their way ;
Sure, truth will always have its day!
And now we're here to help him win,
Once more we join to put him in
The White House Presidential Chair—
Yes, bet you may, that he'll be there,
To occupy that chair again,
When we are thro' with this campaign.

CHORUS.

That's so ! that's so ! just sniff the air,
And then you'll know,
For four years more
That former Mayor of Buffalo
Will fill again that White House Chair,
He filled so well before !

William McKinley.

In the hour of death.

"Light ! More light !"
Prayed the illustrious Goethe, when he died.
And some believe those words implied :
His soul was groping in the gloom of night,
When from its broken clay
It was to wing its way.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee !"
Sweet parting words to hear
From one your heart holds dear.

O happy soul, who, ere it soars away,
Discerns the light of everlasting day!
How blest and sweet,
When called to meet
Eternity's dread mystery,
Your soul can whisper with serenity:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

Androcles and the Lion.

(*From the Danish of Holger Drachmann.*)

Hot as a kiln and as red
As the brick it burns to a glow,
Dry as the straw that is fed
To the kiln to keep it a-go,
The soil of the Lybian desert lies spread,
A clay that to stone can be turned
But never to nothingness burned.

Here shade is spoken of only in jest,
A rarely seen guest
You would love to detain ;
Here summer-days everlastingly reign,
Keeping winter forever aloof.
And curious comers depart in haste :
A horse and rider—a clattering hoof !
A steel-footed ostrich—a sand-cloud raised!
Dead lies the waste.

But when night its cooling veil lets go
O'er the ocean of sand aglow,
And eye after eye
On the dark'ning sky
Is opening and peeps,
Then is the time the lion leaps
After the gazelle and holds in his claws
Its back till crushed by his massive jaws ;
At night the sand is the romping place,
The wild beasts' arena for sport and chase

With fleeing game and bleeding prey,
War for food till the dreaded day
With its furnace-like breath
Approaches to burn all life to death.

Over the sand, in the sun-white glare,
A man comes tott'ring, hands clenched in despair ;
Nude ; his back, from shoulder to hip,
Marked by gashes, left by a whip.
Alone he comes, still followed by one :
His shadow, that shrinks in the noontide-sun.

The Proconsul's slave was he. To suit
His master he played the zither and flute ;
At festive gatherings he read aloud
The Grecian scrolls to the haughtily proud,
Anointed Romans, who, loth to rise,
On their couches stretched themselves, overfed,
List'ning to him with glist'ning eyes,
Their fat hands clapping, when he had read.

Androcles, the Greek, was a valued pet ;
Relief for his boils his master met
In the healing art that he possessed.
The Proconsul's wife was fond of the slave,
His bearing dignified and grave,
His gait elastic and broad his chest,
Sad his eyes, but, having the fire
Of a lofty soul, they lit a desire,
A flame of love in her ladyship's breast.

He knew it was there, but coldly withstood
Her tempting glances ; then changed her mood.
Of lustful looks she accused the slave ;
He swore it was false, but nothing could save
The man from the whip till, bleeding and sore,
Asunder he tore
The rope that held him, as were it a thread,
And, felling his whipper, he fled.

His freedom he won with no hope nor goal.
And the sun rolled westward its glowing eye,
Following with burning looks from on high
The slave and his shadow as forward they stole.
Then tired of baking the fields of clay
Its last searing ray it shed ;
And twilight came and closed the day,
And the slave dropped down as dead.

He dreamed, and in his dream was led
To the Grecian isle,
Where temples mirror themselves in the sea,
To days of his youth, when, happy and free,
A winsome smile
Oft brightened his face,
To the laurel grove,
Where he loved to rove
Recalling the past of his race.
And, carried away in his dreams, again
He heard a sweet familiar strain,
A zither, and then a flute's soft trills
Winged back by echoing hills.

He woke, yet seemed to hear
Faint notes of instruments near;
But, list'ning, he heard a different sound :
A roar of pain, and he looked around,
And thrilled with awe
In a hollow he saw
Two yellow-green eyes.
He stirred ; in vain he tried to rise,
His heart stood still and he ceased to breathe,
Before him he saw a monstrous mane
And two rows of glittering teeth ;
He felt as if life was ebbing away,
While the thundering voice rolled out again;
A prey held at bay—
Before the king of the desert he lay.
But the terrible one dealt no crushing blow,
And he raised his eyes to the king, and lo !
The monarch stretched himself on the sand,
Wriggled his powerful body and
Shut his jaws and raised his paw,
And Androcles saw
A poisonous thorn stuck deep in the ball,
And he fathomed all.

Up he rose from his death-like swoon,
Seized the paw and pressed
The thorn and the venom out, and, soon
As the wound was dressed,
Relief His Majesty gained
And straight he gratefully deigned

To lick his surgeon's hand.
And in that moment was knitted a band
Of friendship between those two,
And stronger and stronger it grew.
Together they strolled the desert's sand,
The shaggy king and the naked slave,
Together they roomed in the cave;
At night the lion hunted for game,
Together they dined of the same.
And so they lived, a year about,
In friendship—with words left out.
Then tired the slave of the barren sand,
Of the cave and the food;
His friend, the lion, could not understand
His changed and restless mood.
A longing for home had seized the man,
Returning he knew what risk he ran,
But fear of danger never controls
A longing soul;
And away he stole,
Again to meet with human souls.

The Proconsul of Africa begs to say
By this proclamation:
"To-day of August the 13th day,
He gives to the glorification
Of Gods and Cæsar a feast;
Lællius Varro, the sacrificing priest.
Fighters from Ravenna will fence with those
From Capua, and, at the close,

There will be a surprise.
A splendid lion of enormous size,
Four tigers and a starved-out pack
Of hyenas will have for their game
A runaway slave, just caught and brought back;
Androcles by name.
The Proconsul begs to express his regret,
That he has no Christians to be eat.''

Hot as a furnace ablaze
Is the mighty place,
Where the programme is read
'Mid laughter and jest.
Here shade is a longed for guest,
Invited, and here not in vain ;
Overhead an awning is spread,
And from secret channels a scented rain
Comes drizzling down, when to fence
The gladiators commence.

Capua wins the deadly bout
'Midst bursts of applause.
The slashed up bodies are, during the pause,
With hooks and ropes dragged out,
And the murderous den, asteam with gore,
Is raked and sand strewn o'er.
For more the blood-thirsty Romans wish ;
The gladiator-fights—a common dish
At their frequent feasts !
The best remains yet,
A man to be eat

By ravenous beasts!
And during the pause the ladies munch
On sweets and oranges brought for lunch.

Look! here he comes!—Thro' a gate ajar
Steps a naked slave, and the gate is locked.
And thousands of heads seen near and far,
Like beds of flowers by breezes rocked,
Move to and fro and forward to see
The death-doomed slave and be sure it is he.

The Proconsul's wife, as cold as a stone,
With no thought of her guilt,
Lisps to a noble young Roman close by,
While holding a crystal up to her eye:
"How dreadfully thin! but skin and bone!
Still—he is splendidly built!"

The unruly mob like wild men behave,
Applauding the slave,
His eyes running swiftly from seat to seat;
But not a look of pity they meet,
From the vestals down to the scum of the street
Every one his foe.
Then he sees in the foremost row
The Proconsul's wife—
Revenge his maddened brain demands;
And he arches his back and clenches his hands;
His nails are long and sharp as a knife;
One leap, to mar her beauty for life!
One leap for revenge! He pales, turns about—
The hyenas rush out!

The smell of the slain, the blood-soaked sand
Attract the ravenous band ;
And forward they come with a grunting howl,
With blood-shot eyes at the man they scowl.
Food for their starved-out bellies they crave!
Why not go ahead ! unarmed is the slave !
But lo ! they cower, draw back in fear—
The tigers appear !
With forepaws aloft they leap in,
One by one, displaying their velvety skin,
The huge cats sniffing the air,
Smelling with contempt, as it were,
That the tramps of the desert are there.

The tigers have not
Yet reached the place,
Where the slave appears like a dot
In the mighty space.
Erect, like an image, he stands,
Waiting for death that is near ;
Crosswise over his heart lie his hands,
Still its beat he can hear.
Then a growl strikes his ear,
And following comes a tremendous roar,
Resounding from every nook ;
And he casts a bewildered look
Across the plane,
And ope springs a door,
And he sees the gleam of two glowing eyes,
And out strides a lion of fearful size—
A monstrous mane !

At the sight of the king the tigers withdraw.
And the lion approaches, and, one more pace,
He and the man stand face to face.
Then the slave beholds an uplifted paw,
And he folds his hands in awe.
But the terrible one deals no crushing blow ;
And he lifts his eyes to the king, and lo !
The monarch stretches himself on the sand,
Wriggles his powerful body, and
Shuts his jaws and raises his paw,
And down by the lion Androcles kneels ;
And every soul in the circus feels :
Old friends are the man and the beast !
This sight to the mob is more than a feast.
To their pent up feelings the people give vent,
With a shout, o'erwhelming, the air is rent,
Then silence, and all are holding their breath
As the slave, so wondrously saved from death,
With the faithful lion following his pace,
Is called before the emperor's place.
To him he tells his adventure, and fleet,
As the wind, it travels from seat to seat ;
Then : "Freedom for both!" sounds from low and high,
And again bursts forth a thundering cry,
Shaking the circus from end to end :
"Three cheers for the lion, Androcles' friend !"

Melodier

til nogle af de engelske Sange:

Mr. Rip: "Vi gamle Svende med det svære Skjæg."
Mrs. Lace: "Så lunka vi så småningom."
Life Savers' Chorus: "Sätt maskinen i gång, herr kapten!"
Pic-Nickers Homewardbound: Bjørneborg Marschen.
The Learned Poet: Bøghs "Emme klemme bammerutski."
Fourth of July: "Naar Hornet lyder, Trommerne gaar."

Rettelser.

Side 28, 11te Linje fra oven : "Mjödets", læs "Mjödens".
Side 79, 5te Linje fra neden : "intet gjöre", læs "intet at gjöre".

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